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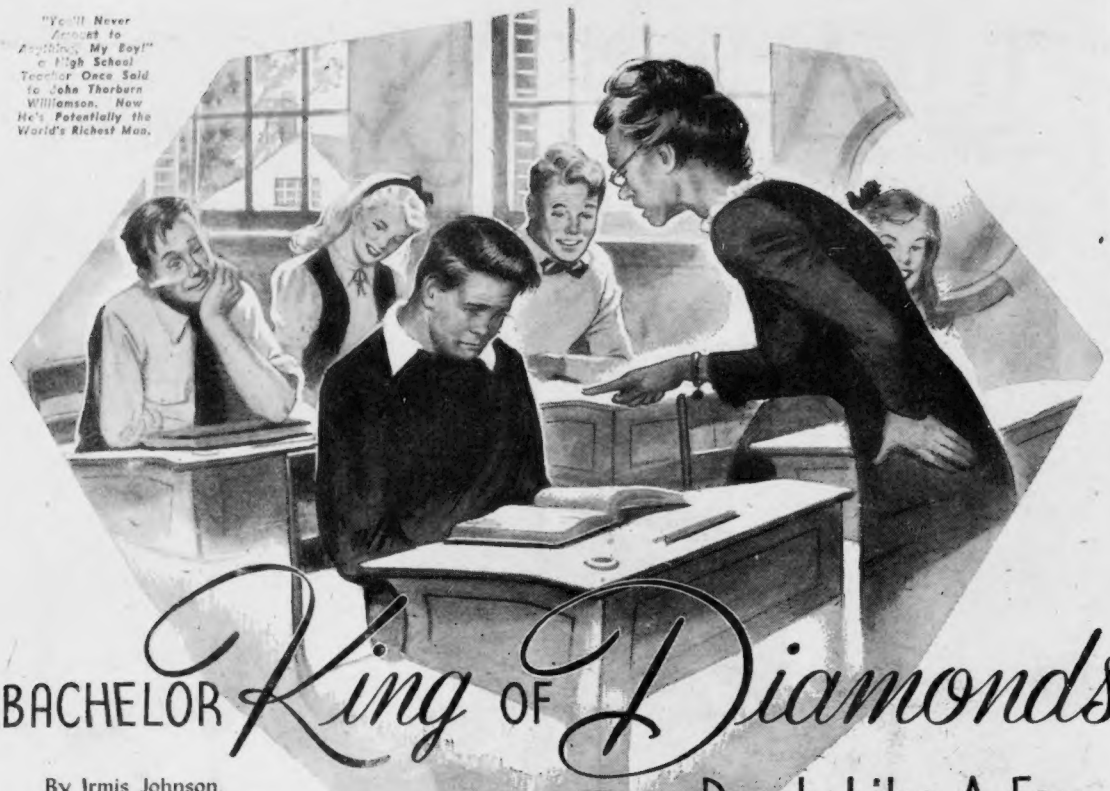
Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by DAVID WRIGHT

"You'll Never Amount to Anything, My Boy!" a High School Teacher Once Said to John Thorburn Williamson. Now He's Potentially the World's Richest Man.

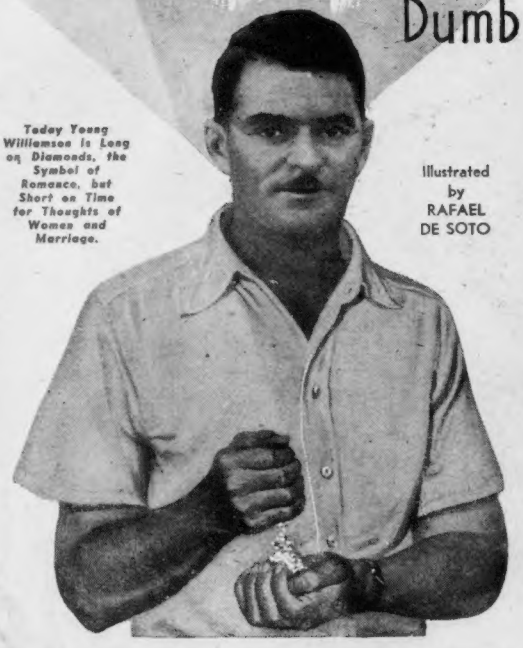


BACHELOR *King* OF *Diamonds*

Dumb Like A Fox

By Irmis Johnson

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO



Today Young Williamson Is Long on Diamonds, the Symbol of Romance, but Short on Time for Thoughts of Women and Marriage.

A TYPEWRITER clicks with the peculiar rhythm of hunt-and-peck operation behind the closed doors of a tiny office in the Shinyanga Valley, Tanganyika, East Africa. The voice of an early morning radio commentator fades on a final remark and is replaced by muted music or a romantic song.

Those familiar sounds tell the native employes that the world's King of Diamonds is at work.

Although Dr. John Thorburn Williamson, 40-year-old Canadian-born bachelor, has discovered the world's largest diamond mine and probably is the richest man alive, he never varies his schedule.

Each morning, soon after dawn, he walks into his small sanctum, tunes in his radio softly for the day, and settles down for a 12-hour work shift at the desk which he doesn't even leave at mealtime.

The Diamond King sits surrounded by priceless gems that are known everywhere as the symbol of romance, but, as if to emphasize the fact that sentimentality has no place in his life, the precious stones are prosaically stuffed into empty jam jars.

"I never have had time for women or thoughts of marriage," John Williamson explains.

He has been a lone wolf, the records show, ever since his college days at McGill University in Montreal, where many a co-ed must have experienced heart palpitations over his good looks.

For years, John's friends say, one bitter experience seemed to rankle his spirit. He has been spurred on by the memory of a day when an exasperated high school teacher gave him a dressing-down in front of the whole class and concluded with the mistaken prophecy, "You'll never amount to anything, my boy!"

From a study of literature John switched to a study of rocks.

Today he is acclaimed "one of the most brilliant geologists in the world."

His diamond mine at Mwadui, in the Shinyanga Valley, pours out approximately 2,000 diamonds daily, many of them of the industrial variety, with each day's output valued at $30,000. Yet John Williamson says this wealth comes only from the outskirts of the real mine which has not yet been tapped.

Because of his faith in this buried fortune he already has refused an offer of $10,000,000 for his mining rights.

Hard work and perseverance have been John's stock in trade, but even he won't deny that one stroke of luck was the entering wedge for his present remarkable success.

The former head of the geology department at McGill University, who was working as a consultant in the copper mines of South Africa, sent home for an assistant.

John Williamson, then a boy in his early 20s, took the job.

He served a hard apprenticeship, prospecting with the big mining corporations. Then, it is reported, he decided to work his way through the African continent on his way back to Canada.

It was about this time, in 1934, that another prospector, Jacobus Jonker, found a magnificent 726-carat diamond in the Transvaal which he sold to a New York dealer for $750,000.

John Williamson decided to start a one-man hunt for the precious stones in Tanganyika and for six long years, the lone Canadian scientist dug, sifted, traveled and studied geological formations in vain.

Finally young Williamson was stricken with malaria. He lost his baggage. His money and strength ran low and he often was hungry.

A firm believer in individual enterprise the youthful prospector refused all offers to return to civilization and a job as an expert with the big mining concerns on the Rand.

Ill and discouraged, he was disconsolately kicking up the earth under a big baobab tree one evening in March, 1940. Something bright shot out from under his boot.

"A diamond, boss," his keen-eyed native boy shouted.

"That discovery was partly luck and partly reward for persistence," Williamson confesses. "I was absolutely certain that there were diamonds somewhere in that area."

The geologist pegged out various claims, and from the results of working these he deduced that there was a central pipe from which all the lesser mines had branched. That pipe he ultimately located at Mwadui.

John Williamson, who has no time for romance and whose only recreation is reading classical literature, has a second love, next to his diamonds. It is the development of the diamond settlement where his employes live and work into an ideal community.

Native workers are paid at least double the rates prevailing elsewhere.

The only real cloud on the horizon at Mwadui seems to be the threat that the Government will take over the Williamson mine. However, Dr. Williamson is taking legal steps for his protection.

As soon as the situation clears, John's mother, in Montreal, hopes the King of Diamonds will come home and pick a queen.

ADVERTISEMENT

Marty Marion quit a minor league team because they refused to give his girl a pass for a Sunday double-header. The girl was Mary Dallas (now Mrs. Marion). This famous baseball couple *met at a high school football game.* They were married two years later on December 27, 1937.

Double hex on opposition is applied by Marion. He takes baseball seriously . . . *but had to be coaxed into the game* (was studying draftsmanship at Georgia Tech). Marty's still interested in mechanical drawing. But he'll probably move from shortstop to an executive baseball position.

ADVERTISEMENT

After baseball season, Marion likes to whistle out his pointer, Jake . . . hunt pheasant and duck. Some years he finds time to sell printing for a St. Louis firm. More often he devotes himself to woodworking and his farm at Iva, South Carolina. Enjoys Wheaties year around.

Burns lots of energy. Eats lots of Wheaties. Just ask Marty! Seven dietary essentials in these whole wheat flakes. *Such as: thiamine, niacin, food-energy.* A big bowl of Wheaties, with milk and fruit, gives you real nourishment.

mates call him "The Octopus." etching, reaching hard hit balls. n he reaches for Wheaties, too. Marion says: "*For good nourishment, flavor—my vote goes for Wheaties.*"

"Marty's chief vanity is our two daughters," says Mrs. Marion. The girls (Martinna, 6; Ginger, 2) are just as active as was Dad. Marion broke a leg playing Cowboy and Indian when he was ten. The leg mended crooked, was rebroken. He spent more than a year on crutches.

Mrs. Marion wore a Marty prefers large hats Likes sport clothes himself— neckwear department, red is M

Future champions? Here's betting! Marty's daughters at Wheaties, too. Famous training dish. Are you serving at your house? Are you eating like champions? A good a. Try Wheaties! Crisp toasted whole wheat flakes.

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Earl of Carnarvon's Emotional Crises

Is It Into the Future That Tilly Losch Is Trying to Peer as She Enacts an Algerian Role?

By Warren Hall

THE unrecorded diary of the Earl of Carnarvon, which contains many emotional crises, is being leafed toward another critical situation.

The preliminary entries in this particular crescendo in the earl's heart interests already have been made. They started when twinkle-toed Tilly Losch, his current wife, filed a suit for divorce the other day in London, mentioning as her rival a demure British ingenue named Jeanne Stewart.

Future entries will have to depend on two things:

1—Whether Tilly, who was divorced by her first husband because a British court decided she had been overfriendly with Prince Serge Obolensky, can win a decree; and

2—Whether, in that case, the earl is going to marry Miss Stewart, a circumstance which she seems to regard as a certainty but which he doesn't seem to be sure about.

Jeanne Stewart. Yes? No? Maybe?

As a matter of fact, Lord Henry Alfred Marius Victor Francis Herbert, the Sixth Earl of Carnarvon, has never been very sure about women. His bad luck in that direction might easily be blamed on the familiar curse which superstitious persons think he may have inherited from his father, who died of a mysterious insect bite shortly after discovering King Tut's tomb with its dire prophecy of death for all those who meddled with the regal dust. More likely it's because His Lordship could be called fickle.

When, with a title and a $20,000,000 fortune, he ignored the nobility of his native heath to marry a beautiful American society girl, London's Mayfair decided that this was a love that would last. It lasted through two children, 13 years and numerous partings, and then the former Catherine Wendell went to a London sanitarium in 1935 to recuperate from a nervous breakdown which she attributed to the earl's association with other women.

The one she named in her successful divorce suit was a Mrs. Jean Cooper, who later faded out.

He followed Mrs. Tanis Guiness Montagu, heiress to a brewery fortune, across the Atlantic after she had divorced the Hon. William Drogo Sturges Montagu, second son of the Earl of Sandwich. He arranged to marry her in New York and pursued her to Baltimore after something happened to their plans.

The wedding was to have been solemnized in the British Consulate there, but at 5 a. m. on the appointed morning Mrs. Montagu entrained back to New York, mentioning something about His Lordship's fiery temper and announcing definitely that the marriage was off. The earl followed her back to Manhattan and sailed for England the next day—alone in what was to have been a bridal suite.

Lordie, as his friends called him, was having this emotional upset at just about the same time that Tilly Losch was renouncing marriage forever. Tilly, who had been born Ottilie Ethel Leopoldine Losch in Vienna in 1902, had deserted a very promising dancing career to marry Edward Frank Wallace James, brother of Mrs. Marshall Field 3d and godson of King Edward VII.

Edward hadn't had any interest in women before he met Tilly, and that was an item she brought up when she sued for separation in 1934. He countered with a divorce suit which put Tilly in the company of Prince Obolensky in numerous places in Manhattan, including the James apartment, the top of the Empire State Building and a Fifth avenue taxi.

The taxi episode, according to some witnesses, was a "50-block kiss", but that was denied emphatically by Lady Cavendish, the former Adele Astaire, who said she and some friends were following close behind the prince's taxi all the way.

Nevertheless, Eddie got his divorce and Tilly, who had fainted a couple of times during the London trial, was ordered to pay $50,000 costs. What with Broadway and Hollywood producers bidding for her services, she didn't have much trouble in paying the bill, but she declared the experience had cured her of matrimony.

In 1939 she reversed her field and married Lordie, but not until she had provoked another one of his emotional crises by alternately admitting and denying the engagement.

For quite a while it looked like an ideal match. Tilly temporarily adopted 60 children during the London blitz and told them bedtime stories at Highclere Castle, the 15th century Carnarvon estate. She took up painting and had an exhibition in New York. She promoted a dance for Allied relief at New York's Hotel Astor (with her husband's ex-flame, Mrs. Montagu, who had married Howard Dietz, producer and songwriter).

His Lordship finally decided that Tilly was spending too much time in America and sued for divorce in November, 1945. A judge threw out the suit, reminding Lordie that he had given his countess permission to go.

Now it is Tilly who wants the decree. The earl, who was in New York when her suit was filed, didn't indicate he was going to fight it very hard. In London Miss Stewart said she and Lordie expected to be married before the end of the year.

Mother Hamby's VICTORY

By Watson Crews, Jr.

CELEBRATING what might be called repayment week, the State of Colorado gave Lorin Hamby $10,000 the other day for the six years he spent in prison for a crime he didn't commit. Lorin promptly turned over the full amount to his mother as partial recompense for the uncounted sacrifices she had made to clear his name.

Through the long fight she had spent all the family's available funds, had sold a cotton plantation, mortgaged a home, even borrowed from a church—and didn't regret a penny.

On the night of June 22, 1937, Mrs. Ruby Hamby was at peace with the world. She operated the Main Hotel in Walsenburg, Colo. With her husband, Elijah Baker Hamby, she owned a large cotton farm near Seguin, Texas. There was money in the bank, Lorin and three daughters were with her. She was happy.

It was the night of the Braddock-Louis championship fight and Lorin was operating the radio for a small group of friends in the Hamby living room. The preliminaries came on about 7:30. Lorin listened until after 8.

Those details didn't seem important at the time, but they became vital later because, shortly before eight o'clock, George Carnes, a Walsenburg gas station operator, was shot and killed in a hotel during a hold-up. Sheriff Claude Swift rounded up several suspects the next day, including Lorin, but they were soon released.

The Hambys had moved to Colorado from Texas because of Lorin's asthma. A year after the Carnes case, Lorin, completely cured, married Elizabeth Shaw, a Walsenburg girl, and moved back to Texas.

The Carnes case dragged on without solution. Sheriff Swift kept on it. He heard that Lorin Hamby had bragged during an evening of celebration that he had killed a man. Alex Nardini told Swift that he was with Hamby in the hotel room, that Hamby carried a gun, and that Hamby had left the hotel hurriedly.

The sheriff found Hamby in Eastland, Texas, and brought him back to Walsenburg in July, 1939, under a charge of murder.

Then Mrs. Hamby's long period of anguish and sacrifice began. She hastened to Colorado, hired attorneys and opened the battle to free her son.

Bank deposits went first. The lengthy and expensive trial ended in conviction Oct. 29, 1939, when the jury accepted Nardini's testimony in preference to the alibi substantiated by the mother and five guests at the fight broadcast.

The Colorado Supreme Court upheld the sentence. This appeal took most of the proceeds from the sale of the cotton farm.

Lorin started the new year in prison. "The world dropped away from me," Mrs. Hamby recounts, "I was beaten and didn't have the heart to go on. But there was the haunting thought that Lorin would be in prison the rest of his life if I didn't act."

Nearly five futile years were spent in various appeals. Then, one night in Pueblo, two of the Hamby girls met Nardini at a bus station. Suddenly, just as the bus started, he blurted out that he could tell a story which would clear Hamby.

The next day the girls followed him to Colorado Springs and enlisted the aid of Irving B. "Dad" Bruce, chief of police. Bruce went after Nardini, who soon was pouring out a complete repudiation of the Hamby testimony to an official stenographer. But the next day he signed a statement denying the repudiation.

A young war veteran, Frank G. Stinemeyer, who had served in the judge advocate's section of the air force in England, took charge of the case. He had noted the workings of the lie detector in the army, and he appealed to Prof. Leonard Keeler, of Northwestern University, the inventor. Keeler agreed to come to Colorado, but his fee was large.

Mrs. Hamby appealed to the Mormon Church for aid and the church loaned her $1,300 to finance the test.

Keeler's report was that Hamby told the truth when he denied killing Carnes. Other defense witnesses proved truthful. When Nardini was given the test the machine would not register.

Keeler's report was submitted to Governor John C. Vivian who gave it consideration but took no action.

Bruce Gustin, Denver newspaper man, interested in the case because of its legal phases, proposed that Governor Vivian appoint a commission to investigate and make a recommendation. Governor Vivian accepted.

The commission took several months, talked to witnesses on both sides, weighed the evidence and recommended a pardon for Hamby.

Bills were introduced in both houses of the recent Colorado legislature calling for a payment of $10,000 to Hamby in recompense for the six years spent in prison under wrongful sentence.

The concurrent bill passed and was signed by Gov. Lee Knous.

The first debt to be paid is the Mormon church loan, Mrs. Hamby said. "Then I will lift the mortgage on my home, which is $5,400. We will have nothing left when everything is paid. But we will have the most priceless thing of all, my son free and a clear name."

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

Mrs. Hamby Gave Little Thought to the $10,000 Her Son Brought Her. What Really Mattered Was That He Was Free Again and His Name Cleared.

Mystery of CHINA'S

Wang Chien, the Bandit-Emperor, Called China's Expert Workmen Together and Dictated Plans for His Elaborate Tomb, but His 45-Foot Burial Mound Was Only a Hump in the Landscape Compared to the Newly-Discovered Great Pyramid.

By Dr. Phyllis Ackerman

School for Asiatic Studies, New York

PEASANT farmers in an isolated valley south of the ancient city of Sian, in West China's remote Shensi Province, watched with idle curiosity while an inquisitive airplane hovered over their great "sky mountain."

These humble laborers couldn't know that within a few days experts all over the world would thrill to the news that Col. Maurice Shehan, Far Eastern director of Howard Hughes' Trans World Airlines, had discovered pyramids in China that "could be older and bigger than those in Egypt."

Many small pyramids extend over a 100-mile stretch, according to Colonel Shehan, but two giants stand out and dwarf the others. The larger of these is estimated to be 1,000 feet high and 1,500 feet on each side.

For tens of centuries the great pyramids of Egypt have been a wonder of the world, but the great pyramids of Shensi have been, to the peasants and village folk who live in their shadows, nothing more than the hallowed sleeping place of ancestors whose spirits must not be disturbed.

Even Chinese in other parts of the vast country have been unaware that these pyramids existed—unaware or uninterested.

SO IT IS left to the outside world to wonder, and perhaps to discover, what great emperor or other high potentate rests beneath these ancient shrines which may be anywhere from 2,500 to 4,000 years old.

For a little handful of curious people who have studied early Chinese religion, the discovery of the giant pyramids was not a complete surprise.

Astronomers have repeatedly known that unseen planets must exist, from the behavior of other planets, long before the actual new planets were observed. Chemists have been able to foretell unknown elements and even what they would be like long before the substances themselves came to light, because there was a gap in the regular series of chemical elements.

Just so, the student of early Asiatic religion can justifiably say, not only of the existence of these huge pyramids but even of the general

Great Pyramid

details of the design and setting, "I told you so."

Why? The story goes back 7,000 or 8,000, or more likely some 14,000 years. It starts with a grim picture. A little group of people is struggling along. Some have animal skins clutched around them; a few have skins crudely cut and sewn to make skirts and capes. They carry skin bags and baskets—primeval suitcases.

These receptacles contain pieces of stone, bone, and wood hardened in fire, shaped and sharpened to use as knives and axes. Some have a precious bone needle or pin. Dreadfully poor? They would not know what that meant.

EVERY man and woman alike has a bow and arrows. There lies their hope for a satisfying meal. If they do not find any animals to kill, they will have to gnaw anything that comes handy—berries if they are lucky, or nuts; if not, leaves and roots; maybe even insects or grubs.

There are no carts, no roads, no villages, no friendly animals, no ways of telling time, no north, south, east and west. In the daytime these people find their way, and get some notion of time, from the sun. But night comes on. They want to return to the cave where they had stored

Ancient Worshipers of the North Star, Who Built the Great China Pyramid Recently Discovered in Shensi Province, Oriented Their "Sky-Mountain" Perfectly With the Four Points of the Compass. Arrow on Left Indicates a Lesser Gateway. Arrow on Right Points to Main Ceremonial Avenue.

some roots and nuts. No one knows which way to go.

Eventually they learn to look to the sky at night as they did to the sun by day. They note first the Milky Way, then finally how the Big Dipper and other groups of stars wheel round a central point. That center point is marked by a bright star, the North Star, or Polaris. With these they learn to gauge time, seasons and the directions. Polaris, they decided, controls all.

Man looked so much at the heavens rising to a peak in the center that he came to see it as a mountain above him. The Polar Star lived on the top of the mountain. If the Power which controlled the universe was on a mountain, mountains were sacred.

IF THERE were four directions at right angles to each other, and four seasons to correspond, the sky-mountain was not round and irregular like ordinary mountains on this earth. It was square and even, with four sides.

To please the Power in the sky, man made the square sky-mountain here below: the pyramid was created. Sometimes it was a temple, sometimes it was a burial mound.

All these ideas originated somewhere in western Asia, probably in north Syria or Mesopotamia, or Persia, or eastern Asia Minor. They traveled further west to Egypt; later they went east to China and southeast to India. Much later still they may have crossed the Pacific Ocean—not once, but various times—to the Americas.

Great pyramids were built in Egypt and in Middle America; now we know that they were built in China, also.

In the imitation sky-mountain was focussed the Power which ran the universe, and each weary laborer who worked on piling up the mountain got for himself some of the Power—luck.

At some early period colors were assigned to the four directions. In China, the colors were: black for the north; blue-green for the east; red for the south; and white for the west, while in the center was yellow.

This explains why the Chinese pyramid was cut off flat instead of coming up to a sharp point like those in Egypt. The top was spread with yellow earth.

Smaller earth mounds have served as shrines in China down to modern times, and famous old centers of worship of this type are described as being in enclosures with a gatehouse.

The air photograph of the great Shensi pyramid taken from the plane of Colonel Shehan clearly shows the line of the original walls, exactly square like the pyramid itself but double its length on each side. This means that the enclosure was about two and one-half miles around. In the center of each side small mounds mark the original gates.

On the north side a pair of high earth platforms still can be seen with a fine avenue running between them up to the pyramid.

Here religious ceremonies must have been staged, since it was the North Star which ruled the universe, and the Emperor or other person conducting ceremonies stood in the position of the god of that star.

Blood offerings undoubtedly played a part in the rituals, for the notion that blood is full of supernatural Power is much older even than the veneration of the sky and the stars.

Sacrifice of prisoners was a commonplace in early China and it is quite likely that many a hapless man's life poured out on these terrace platforms before the sacred sky-mountain of Shensi.

One reason for believing that these huge and carefully-built pyramids mark the resting places of royalty of great importance is the fact that in the North Star religion the ruler was the Great God's representative on earth, and was himself almost, if not quite, divine.

If these sky-mountains do mark royal tombs, as we suppose, the kings below do not lie alone. For early Chinese burials of great personages already found show that important men took with them into the grave their possessions, living and dead—animals, attendants and gear of various kinds.

One of the most completely and scientifically explored imperial Chinese tombs, found accidentally in 1942, is that of the ruffian Emperor Wang Chien who died in 918 A.D. Although the tomb had been robbed, its disclosures were of great interest.

Wang Chien, according to Chinese history, started out by being an outlaw who terrorized whole provinces with murder and pillage; then he was a political climber, rising in the army until in 903 the T'ang Emperor Chao-tsung made him ruler of the ancient kingdom which now is Szechwan; finally, when Chao-tsung was assassinated, he declared himself Emperor of Shu.

Fifty years ago, in a Chinese monastery a document was discovered disclosing how Wang Chien had drawn up his own burial plans; how he had called together the country's greatest artists, sculptors and architects to his tomb and ordered a statue of himself to be carved in stone, to stand amid other symbols of culture of his time in his mausoleum.

The document, however, failed to reveal the location of the tomb, which was found by chance underneath a large mound, about 250 feet in diameter and 45 feet high, that had stood unmolested for centuries just outside the West Gate of the city of Chengtu.

EXCAVATION disclosed the giant statue, and at its feet a lacquer box containing a jade seal and a circular Symbol of Heaven. The diggers also discovered a remarkable jade tablet, which in beautiful writing recorded the scholarly pursuits of Wang Chien, his devotion to a cultural life, his love of art, but not a word about his bandit days.

The climax of the excavators' work came with discovery of an elaborately decorated platform on which the coffin of Wang Chien had stood, but marauders had violated the tomb. All that remained where the bandit-emperor had lain was a beautifully carved jade belt.

Just what treasures are concealed under the recently discovered Great Pyramids of Shensi depends on the date of the burials.

The pounded earth construction goes back about 4,000 years in China and tamped earth walls built up from a ditch foundation, as the tamped earth walls around the pyramid seem to have been, were typical of that remote time.

The Chinese have a tradition that one of their present-day religions, called Taoism, was founded by a fabulous ruler Huang Ti, which means "the Yellow Emperor," who is supposed to have reigned in the Shensi area about 2500 B.C.

Taoism includes the ancient star worship that led to the building of sky-mountains and one might be tempted to speculate that the great pyramid now discovered was the tomb of the Yellow Emperor were it not that he probably is largely a fictitious character who represents a phase of civilization rather than an individual.

It has been suggested that a great emperor of the Hsia Dynasty (2205-1766 B.C.) may be entombed here since painted pottery attributed to this period, and bearing symbols of the North Star religion, has been found in this Shensi region.

If these earthen pyramids are 4,000 years old they are remarkably well preserved.

It seems more likely, however, that these huge pyramids are about 2,500 years old. If so, the lucky archeologist entrusted with investigating the tombs beneath them probably will find many handsome bronze vessels, great jars and pots and tripods, ornamented with sky symbols and animal masks, perhaps inlaid with silver.

THERE probably will be large quantities of shells, too, for these likewise helped revive life, according to a faith as ancient as that in the life-giving blood. Cowry shells served as money, also, and so represented wealth.

That there would be gold in the tomb is improbable since goldsmithing appears only late in China.

Instead, there should be splendid jade, for green stones were valued as early as blood and shells, and for the same reason. In them was the Life Principle, the Power, since green was the color of living plants.

These suggestions of what may be found underneath the sky-mountain of Shensi are mere guesses, of course.

The pyramid, like the sphinx, guards silently its riddle.

Impassive in its antiquity, it has watched scores of generations come and go, communing only with its eternal companion above, still worshiped in every Chinese village, the North Star.

Illustrated by GEOFFREY BIGGS

It's like having an extra pair of hands!

It's amazing how easy it is to get out a big wash with Duz! That's because Duz is *one* great soap that does *all* your Monday wash—tough or dainty—does it fast, does it clean, does it safe!

No soap made today can beat Duz at getting out dirt! Duz gets even the grimiest overalls *clean*, even the dingiest towels *white*.

Yet Duz is *safer*—even for pretty colored rayon undies—than any other "big-name" washday package soap!

* * *

Do *all* your wash with rich, long-lasting Duz suds—'cause *Duz does Everything!*

DUZ does Everything

Stops 'em all!
A New York City traffic policeman writes that Duz gets his white gloves *so white* that they stop traffic right and left —even after dark!

Leads the band!
Artie Soares, Oakland, Calif. drum major, says he uses Duz to keep his baton shining, sparkling *clean!* It beats the band how Duz does Everything!

Duz a good deed!
When her son came home with his scout uniform caked with mud, Mrs. P. F. Wilson of Utica, N. Y. Duz-zed it clean in no time! *No* wash is too tough for Duz!

Girls with Courage

By Ursula Trow

IT TAKES courage to overcome the handicap of a lost right arm, but then Catherine Searles, 27, daughter of a wealthy zinc magnate in Rahway, N. J., has never lacked courage.

She had it as a little girl when she walked into a lake and taught herself to swim. It was evident the first time she trotted off on the back of her own pony.

Fear was unknown to her, and, though this may have contributed to her tragic accident, it also stood her in good stead when she needed it most.

It was Catherine Searles, who, three years ago, lost her arm when she was attacked by a maddened polar bear in New York's Central Park Zoo.

She and three companions, who had accompanied her to a round of afternoon parties, dinner and a nightclub, had decided to top off the evening with a 2 a. m. visit to the zoo.

Always daring, Catherine climbed over the safety partition surrounding the bear cage to wake the sleeping "Soc" and his bear-mate "Cony." She waved her handkerchief at the bears, her arm extended through the bars of the cage. Suddenly the lark became a tragedy.

Infuriated, "Soc" snapped at the handkerchief and sank his teeth into Catherine's arm instead.

Catherine was rushed to the hospital. Her arm was amputated near the shoulder. It was up to her courage to see her through the days that followed.

According to those who know her best, Catherine never gave way to depression or despondency. She fought her way back to health and went right on with life as she had known it.

She had ridden horseback before the accident; then she'd ride again. She had played golf and tennis, had swum and driven a car, and she does these things now.

According to her father, she has has become as expert with her left arm as many are with the right after long practice. The only concession Catherine has made to her handicap is to use a mechanical arm for driving a car.

Another "lady courageous" who did not let severe handicaps rob her of a normal life is Clover Kerr, 29, of Hunting Park, Calif. Clover lost both legs and her right arm in a traffic accident nine years ago, but not her remarkable fortitude.

She learned to walk on artificial legs. She rides horseback, dances and plays piano compositions with her left hand. She became self-supporting. During the war she was a personnel supervisor for a war contracting concern in Los Angeles. At one time she even conducted a radio program.

Also, she wrote a book, "Banners of Courage," in which she told of her successful struggle back to normal.

Her crowning achievement, though, was her recent walk to the altar to become the bride of Clark Robert Taylor, whom she met after the accident. Handicaps notwithstanding, Clover is determined to make as pleasant and cheerful a home for her husband as any other young bride.

Dottie Miles, Boston nightclub and radio singer, is another who wrestled with a discouraging fate and won. She did not lose the use of her limbs, but her face was disfigured beyond recognition in Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire in 1942.

She was 17 then and just getting started as a singer with Mickey Alpert's band. The future looked promising for Dottie, until the unbearable heat of that fire seared 45 per cent of her body.

It took almost superhuman courage and patience to face the next five years and undergo 21 plastic operations. Many a girl might have confined herself to her room. Dottie got herself three radio shows and sang better than ever.

Now she's undergoing her last operation, after which she'll come to New York to fill various nightclub, radio and stage engagements.

Courage's name is not necessarily Woman, but it must be admitted that the "weaker" sex furnishes unforgettable examples of that trait. Who could ever forget the valiant Jessie Simpson who, ten years ago, lost both legs under the wheels of a train in Hackensack, N. J.?

Jessie had been a beauty contest winner. She was "Miss New Jersey" in 1936. She had everything a girl could ask for; a full life lay ahead.

All this ended on that fateful May, 1937, day. Except for Jessie's determination, that might have been the end of the story.

Jessie, too, learned to walk on artificial legs. She learned to play golf, and had no complaints other than that the mechanical supports "make more runs in my stockings."

She opened a beauty shop and managed it herself. She also posed for magazine covers.

Then Jessie married. Her husband, James Steward, a Hackensack advertising man, had been a loyal and devoted friend all during those first awful days of recovery.

Since her marriage she has done all her own housework. In 1944 she became the proud mother of a boy, and last May she had her second child. At last reports she was very happy, and busy.

No account about women's courage is complete without mentioning Jane Froman, the spunky songstress who has been on crutches or in a brace since February, 1943, when an airliner, carrying an entertainment troupe to European GI camps, crashed into Lisbon Harbor.

Jane's right leg was almost severed from her body. Even though the leg was not amputated, doctors are not sure it will ever again be as long as the other. Operation has followed operation. At present she's recuperating after the 18th and plans to return to radio.

She has not been idle, however. Before going into the hospital this time she sang at the Colonial Inn in Florida. Afterwards she's planning to go right on singing as long as her strength holds out.

Dorothy Moen, 16-year-old Columbus, Ga., high school senior, should also be cited for unusual courage. Severe back injuries, suffered when she jumped from the seventh floor of the burning Winecoff Hotel, make it necessary for her to stay in a cast.

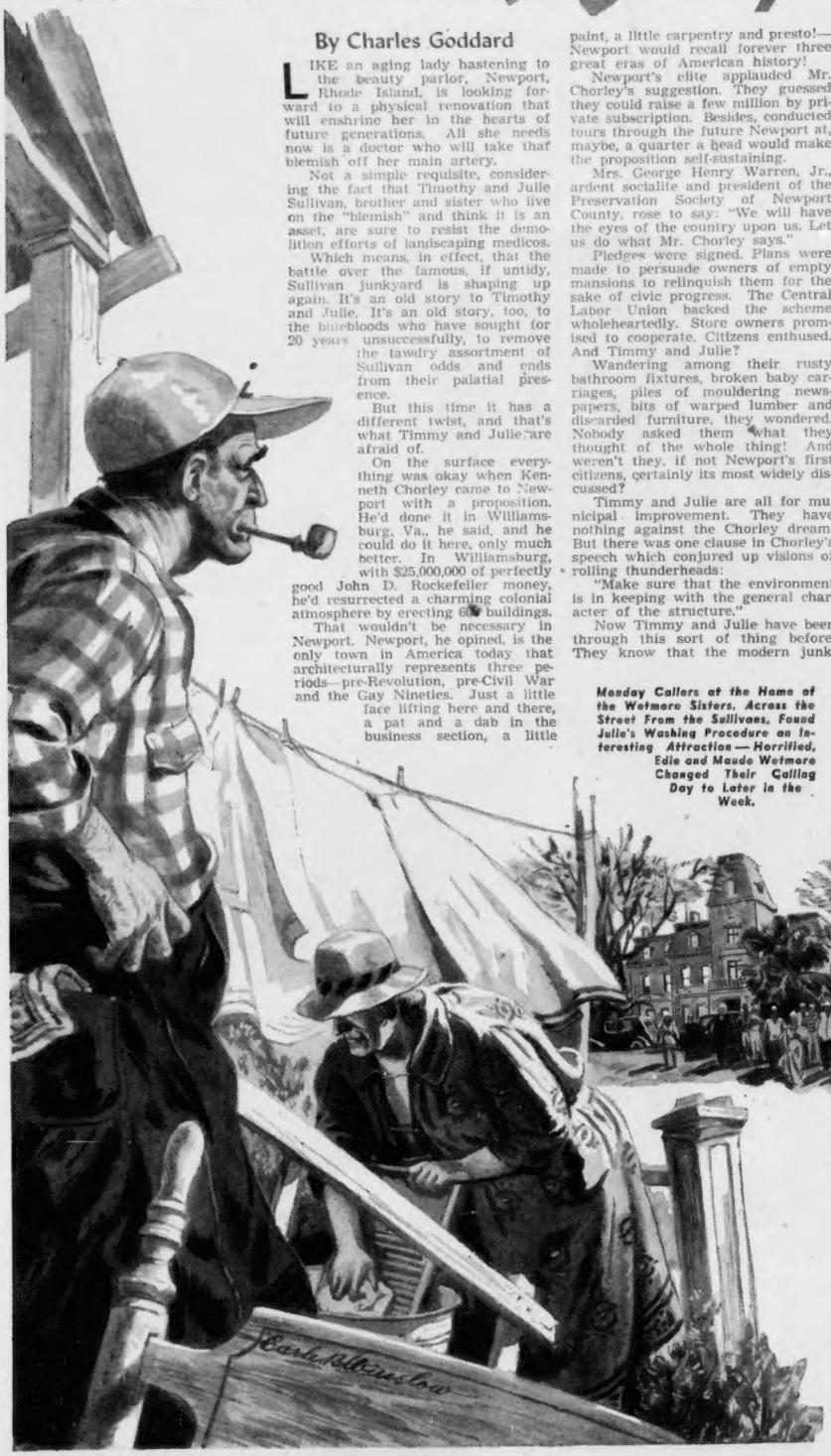
Dorothy is determined to graduate with her class despite confinement to a hospital bed. Her teachers have agreed to come to the hospital to help her continue her shorthand, English and history. Such zeal is bound to bring results.

With Artificial Legs and a Valiant Heart, the Beauty Contest Winner Modeled, Ran a Shop, Married and Bore Two Children.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

Face-Lifting For Newport

Illustrated by EARLE B. WINSLOW



By Charles Goddard

LIKE an aging lady hastening to the beauty parlor, Newport, Rhode Island, is looking forward to a physical renovation that will enshrine her in the hearts of future generations. All she needs now is a doctor who will take that blemish off her main artery.

Not a simple requisite, considering the fact that Timothy and Julie Sullivan, brother and sister who live on the "blemish" and think it is an asset, are sure to resist the demolition efforts of landscaping medicos.

Which means, in effect, that the battle over the famous, if untidy, Sullivan junkyard is shaping up again. It's an old story to Timothy and Julie. It's an old story, too, to the bluebloods who have sought for 20 years unsuccessfully, to remove the tawdry assortment of Sullivan odds and ends from their palatial presence.

But this time it has a different twist, and that's what Timmy and Julie are afraid of.

On the surface everything was okay when Kenneth Chorley came to Newport with a proposition. He'd done it in Williamsburg, Va., he said, and he could do it here, only much better. In Williamsburg, with $25,000,000 of perfectly good John D. Rockefeller money, he'd resurrected a charming colonial atmosphere by erecting 60 buildings.

That wouldn't be necessary in Newport. Newport, he opined, is the only town in America today that architecturally represents three periods—pre-Revolution, pre-Civil War and the Gay Nineties. Just a little face lifting here and there, a pat and a dab in the business section, a little paint, a little carpentry and presto!—Newport would recall forever three great eras of American history!

Newport's elite applauded Mr. Chorley's suggestion. They guessed they could raise a few million by private subscription. Besides, conducted tours through the future Newport at, maybe, a quarter a head would make the proposition self-sustaining.

Mrs. George Henry Warren, Jr., ardent socialite and president of the Preservation Society of Newport County, rose to say: "We will have the eyes of the country upon us. Let us do what Mr. Chorley says."

Pledges were signed. Plans were made to persuade owners of empty mansions to relinquish them for the sake of civic progress. The Central Labor Union backed the scheme wholeheartedly. Store owners promised to cooperate. Citizens enthused. And Timmy and Julie?

Wandering among their rusty bathroom fixtures, broken baby carriages, piles of mouldering newspapers, bits of warped lumber and discarded furniture, they wondered. Nobody asked them what they thought of the whole thing! And weren't they, if not Newport's first citizens, certainly its most widely discussed?

Timmy and Julie are all for municipal improvement. They have nothing against the Chorley dream. But there was one clause in Chorley's speech which conjured up visions of rolling thunderheads:

"Make sure that the environment is in keeping with the general character of the structure."

Now Timmy and Julie have been through this sort of thing before. They know that the modern junkyard is not in keeping with the character of any other structure, junkyards excluded. Besides, they're kind of used to snipers, and adept at setting up defenses.

Timmy hitched up his belt, lowered his hunter's cap and glowered at the outside world. Julie clamped on her man's Panama hat, tightened up the seven safety pins holding her red bathrobe together and set about her open air washing with renewed vigor. Let 'em try it again!

Newport's great perhaps will do just that. After Chorley's pep meeting one overwrought matron asked: "Can you imagine another Colonial Williamsburg with that unsightly eyesore set right in the middle of the picture?"

The Sullivan "eyesore" has been "set right in the middle of the picture" for so long now it's become a landmark.

Anybody going anywhere in Newport—and anywhere is swank Bellevue Avenue—is bound to pass the Sullivan premises. It nestles in shoddy disarray among marble palaces and manicured lawns.

Across the street from it is the breathtaking mansion of the Wetmore sisters, Edie and Maude, who once were forced to change their reception day from Monday because Julie chose that day to wash her clothes before the horrified gaze of callers.

To the right and left are the homes of Old Guarders who could fit the Sullivan living quarters, a former gardener's cottage on the old Gruen estate, into a guest room.

Sixteen years ago a concerted move was made to oust brother and sister from their misplaced haven. It failed.

Only last year Mrs. Peyton Jaudon Van Rensselaer marshalled the forces of wealth and tidiness in an effort to turn the trick. She cited not only the "public nuisance" of the openly-exhibited junk, but also the encroachment of the piled-up lumber upon sancrosanct Bellevue Avenue's sidewalk, and the mosquito-breeding puddles.

However, only 15 near-by property owners would sign her petition for legal action. Among the refusers were Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Thomas Talmadge of Boston, Bartholomay Jelke and Mrs. Auguste Noel. The mayor and the city solicitor backed the Sullivans, too, as did Mrs. Harold Brown, owner of the next door estate, who said she'd "never put anyone out of his home."

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's offer to redecorate the Sullivan premises and give Timmy and Julie a free vacation in Florida while the clean-up was going on was spurned.

"Huh!" said Julie afterwards. "She broke up her own home into ten apartments which she rents to Navy officers. Some people don't like that, either!"

The case never reached court, however, because Mrs. Van Rensselaer decided to drop her petition when Timmy stacked his junk a little more neatly.

It seems now, however, that things are catching up with the Sullivans again. Heretofore they've held a financial trump card as a nuisance value, but what will they get out of seizure by eminent domain, should the city decide that such a procedure is necessary for beautification purposes?

What's the matter with a junkyard, anyway?

Where did the colonials store all their discarded articles?

They've been atmosphere for 20 years—why can't they just keep on being atmosphere?

Monday Callers at the Home of the Wetmore Sisters, Across the Street From the Sullivans, Found Julie's Washing Procedure an Interesting Attraction — Horrified, Edie and Maude Wetmore Changed Their Calling Day to Later in the Week.

Dishes to wash 3 times a day?

Pop Chiffon Flakes in with the dishes . . . and they're done in a hurry, sparkling with cleanliness! Yet your hands stay soft and smooth. That's because Chiffon is *all pure soap* . . . quick, effective —yet so very, very gentle!

Chiffon *keeps Hands SMOOTHER!*

Your loveliest things are safe with Chiffon!

Chiffon Flakes are so wonderfully mild that even your sheerest, daintiest things last longer with regular Chiffon care. And colors! They come alive and lovely in these gentle, creamy, long-lasting suds. Always use Chiffon Soap Flakes—for everything that's washable!

No Purer Soap was ever made

A product of Armour and Company

Those HIDE and SEEK Haases

By Travis Hoke

IN MOST games nobody wants to be It, but that wasn't true of the Milton Haases' globe-trotting hide-and-seek game, played recently in Miami, Fla. When Mrs. Haas sued Mr. Haas for separation, and then divorce, both wanted to be It and each said the other was the hider.

A French governess and two posses of private detectives were other players. The hiding and seeking went on from Cannes to Palm Beach. The Haas children and a lot of cash were the prizes.

Floriene Haas, 28, once Florence Nelson, a model, charged in the Miami court that Milton had hid himself and Susanne, seven, and Charlene, four, under a false name. She asked for custody of the girls, alleging that Milton "has disreputable habits and loose morals" and objecting to the presence of Jacquelyn Leve, the French governess in his villa.

Milton Says He Begged Floriene to Return to Cannes, but When She Did, Without Warning, She Pushed the Children Into the Car and Sped Away.

Milton, 58, former chemical executive, denied everything generally, said Floriene did the hiding, asked for the custody of the older girl, deplored the separation and offered to take Floriene back.

The Haases, from San Francisco, were married in Phoenix, Ariz., in 1939, and the marriage seems to have soured by 1946, when they started globetrotting. Milton says Floriene wanted a divorce and he thought travel might change her mind.

They toured Sweden, Switzerland and Paris and in September took a villa in Cannes, on the Riviera.

Then on the morning of September 14th he says he found Floriene packing. She got passage on a steamer sailing September 17.

Floriene says it was Milton who insisted she return to the United States and that he hid with the children so that he could alienate their affections from her.

Without warning, in January, 1947, Floriene turned up in Cannes, according to Milton's court papers. In an automobile with a chauffeur she waylaid the governess and the children walking on the boulevard. Floriene got both children into the car, but the elder jumped out.

At first Milton thought it was a professional kidnaping, for ransom, and gave chase. Also he notified police in Cannes and Paris. Floriene hid successfully from Milton and boarded a boat for home.

Milton followed as soon as he could get passage. Back in the United States, he spent large sums of money to locate Floriene, he says. When he learned that she was in Sarasota, Fla., his detectives camped on the job.

Meanwhile, Floriene's detectives had found Milton, under the name of Michele Hayes, in Palm Beach. Floriene then started her suit.

As soon as Floriene filed her charges, Miami deputy sheriffs arrested Milton in Palm Beach. He went to jail, in default of $50,000 bail.

Then came a bail reduction hearing. Haas broke down. He said: "If I should lose custody of my elder daughter I couldn't live any longer. I must have that child."

When the lawyers got around to financial matters Haas said he had funds totaling $50,000 in France; trust funds of some $300,000 for his wife and son by a previous marriage and for Susanne, and that he drew an annual pension of $15,000 from the chemical organization with which he had once been connected.

On cross examination Milton admitted he had overlooked some assets—a check for $37,500, a $15,000 insurance policy and a $3,800 car.

The judge said he would release Milton, give him temporary custody of Susanne, and lift restraining orders from five banks in which Milton had accounts, if Milton would turn over two cashier's checks amounting to $150,000 which Haas claimed were in trust for Susanne.

Floriene's lawyer urged that when Milton visited Susanne in Palm Beach he should not talk French with the governess unless a deputy sheriff who spoke French were along. Milton gave up the checks, but nobody could find a French-speaking deputy.

Almost immediately the lawyers asked the judge's approval of a property settlement they had reached out of court, and Mrs. Haas, her 90-day residence established, amended her suit to include absolute divorce.

At this stage Milton filed a list of questions to be answered by Floriene. They concerned various potential hideouts in this country and France.

The questions were never asked because Haas did not contest the suit.

Testimony in the trial was delayed for hours because the judge refused to proceed until the lawyers produced receipts showing that the cash and jewelry listed in the settlement actually had been transferred.

Then Floriene, between outbursts of tears, described the cruel and inhuman treatment of which she was accusing Milton.

There was 35 minutes of this and then the judge announced the results. In some ways it might be thought the prize was divided.

Mrs. Haas got freedom from Milton, custody of Charlene, $125 a month for her, $25,000, house furnishings worth $10,000 and jewelry valued at $20,000.

Mr. Haas got freedom from Floriene, custody of Susanne, release of his various bank accounts, and bills from the lawyers and Floriene for some $17,000.

Illustrated by RALPH CROWLEY

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Do you want to accent your charm with the fragrant appeal known to so many girls?

When you are with him—and after he leaves—will the fragrance of your person weave a spell around his heart? Naturally it will, if you choose Cashmere Bouquet Soap, the soap with the *fragrance men love.* Its bewitching bouquet comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. No wonder popular girls, for seventy-eight romantic years, have loved to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Be exciting! Be enchanting! Bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, so your skin whispers "the fragrance men love." Heavenly for your complexion, too.

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love—

Cashmere Bouquet

Don't Let Baby Be A Dictator

By Evelyn Barkins
Author of "The Doctor Has a Baby"

MY doctor husband groaned and begged me not to breathe a word of it to his patients. My [illegible] protested in horror. Never [illegible] I sat down and wrote a book "The Doctor Has a Baby," inviting the whole world, more or less, to [illegible] one-woman revolution [illegible] the martyrdom of motherhood.

Ever since Lizzie, the oldest of my three children, was born, and even before, people have always been telling me how to raise my children: my mother, my husband, my friends, my neighbors, and even the Good Books on child care all have a word for it.

Motherhood, I was startled to discover, from their multitudinous admonitions, has become an intricate, difficult, almost unnatural job, instead of the wholesome, pleasurable joy God must have meant it to be.

A mass of professional literature on baby care hangs, like the proverbial Albatross, around the young mother's neck: When, how, where and why; nipples, colic, and the subconscious mind. Every month a new fad, a new psychologist, and lo! a million willing mother disciples jump through editorial hoops dragging their helpless young behind them.

One sad fact becomes more and more apparent. While most of the current literature is almost pathologically concerned with how to "do right" by Junior, little or none of it considers the problems of "How to Be a Mother and Remain a Lady," or "How to Bring Up Baby and Live Happily, Too."

The time for emancipation has come. In a nation dedicated to liberty, as we are, it is incredible to realize that tyranny has entered our homes. For tyranny it is, when any woman who would raise her child as per the psychologist's dictum must make a complete dedication to the infant.

Feed him, she is told, whenever he likes, 20 times a day if necessary. Pick him up when he cries or he'll develop a complex. Smile at him when you work, 3 a. m. or 3 p. m., or his feelings will be hurt.

Lie down like a rug and say, "Walk all over me, baby, I love it."

While the poor mother is trying to do her best for her child as suggested, the authorities are wrangling with one another as to which school of thought is right, with no one side able to prove it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that in these enlightened times, intelligent people are frightened off, and that the birth rate is generally dwindling?

For myself, I soon came to certain conclusions. No woman can bow down before that type of infant dictatorship, and still find the time or the energy left to be a good wife, a good housekeeper, and a good companion; and I would gladly bet my last dollar that no man who ever wrote a book urging this kind of maternal subjugation and service ever personally tried to cook, clean, read occasionally and look after a baby all by himself.

First of all, I quickly decided after Lizzie's arrival, having and raising a baby should be like having another person come to live with the family. Consideration for all, and compromise must be the basis of such a successful relationship, and not subservience of either parent or child.

To live happily together, the baby must be trained to fit in as much as possible from the start, with the home life being more like a small, experimental slice of the outside world, rather than a psychologist's prescribed Sunday School version of the Garden of Eden minus the snake. The halo we have mistakenly and foolishly placed about our children's heads must come off.

Children should be recognized as the embryonic adults that they are, no better and no worse than any other human beings, with the usual individual variations. They must be taught the rules of life by which all civilization tries to live, and not the tyrannical laws they have been allowed to formulate in the nursery.

They must be taught to be pleasant and polite.

Second of all, I determined that parents are people, too, and I resolved not to have to wait to start my life or furnish my home only when the children had grown up. For my money, the man who said "Life begins at 40" was only making the best of a bad bargain.

The time to live is now. Looking after a baby properly should not mean the melodramatic self-sacrifice it often does today. The modern young girl, who is credited with enough common sense to choose a husband and run a house, should extend its use to raising her children.

Temper the child-care books with your own judgment, or throw them out altogether as I did, when they begin to make you feel that you'd have more chance at success in raising a werewolf than a baby.

There are many short cuts in baby care. You can break three-quarters of the rules, achieve the greatest family good, and still raise happy children.

Are you tired? Skip the infants' bath. Did you forget the orange juice? So what! Is your baby six pounds or more and are you wobbly after your delivery? Cut out the night bottle and get a good night's sleep.

Do you get up at 6 a. m. to get his breakfast? That's an ungodly hour, since you need your rest, too, train baby to wait until 7 or 8 or whenever you're ready. Do you do your own laundry? Eliminate the ruffles and find freedom from work in overalls and shorts. Does making the formula bother you? Prepare two days' worth at once and earn every other day off. Does your baby cry? Let him; he can't talk; get used to it and he'll catch on fast.

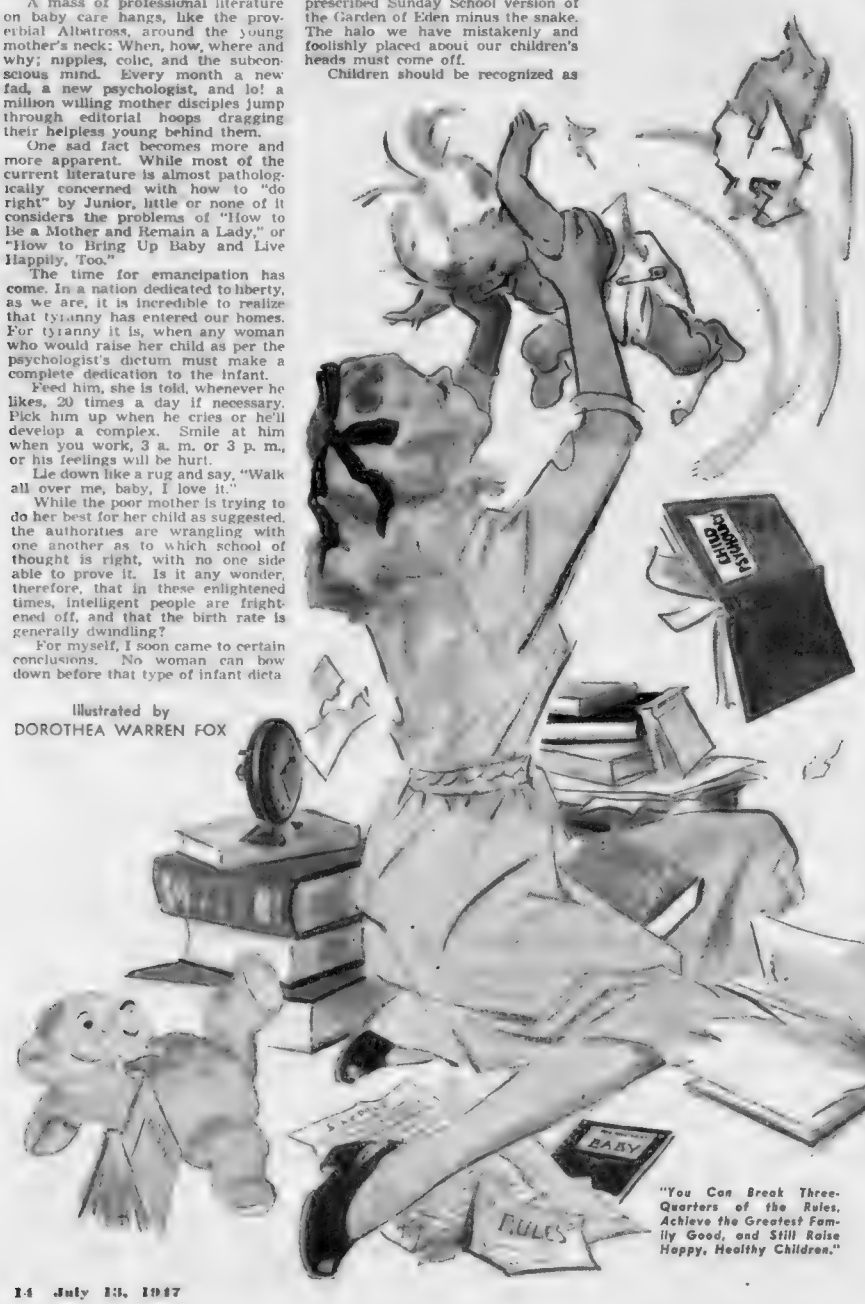
All this can be done and more. The physical effort in raising a child should be minimized as much as possible, so to salvage some time in which to exercise our inherent rights as people.

For even at its very best, motherhood is and always will be a full time, responsible job; and a mother and a father, to quote "The Doctor Has a Baby," will always be like "two people who have answered an ad reading: Wanted, young, strong, healthy couple, willing to work all day and all night, if necessary, loving and caring for one or more children; no experience or references required; no time off, no pay, just satisfaction."

EVELYN BARKINS, author of "The Doctor Has a Baby," is 28 years old, an attorney, wife of a practicing physician, and the mother of two girls and one boy.

Her book, published by Creative Age Press, is a humorous treatment of so-called, scientific baby care, and has been hailed by reviewers as a hilarious "revolution in motherhood."

Illustrated by
DOROTHEA WARREN FOX



"You Can Break Three-Quarters of the Rules, Achieve the Greatest Family Good, and Still Raise Happy, Healthy Children."

My Cereal, Daily Helps Fight Summer Fatigue!

PROTECTS GROWTH, TOO

AT YOUR GROCER'S NOW—

Summer Vitality Breakfast SALE!

Featuring Quaker Oats in Its Sparkling New Package

● Yes, Quaker Oats is a great vitality food—famous for its energizing values. It contains such energy fortifiers as "spark-plug" Vitamin B_1—Protein—Iron—and an unusual store of Food-Energy itself. So enjoy delicious Quaker Oats daily, as millions now do. Make it your summer energy protection.

Delicious Quaker Oats is more than a cereal. Serving Quaker Oats regularly is a plan for giving your family extra growth and fatigue-fighting elements. See how this works in the breakfast menu below. You will find your grocer featuring Quaker Oats now in a nation-wide Vitality Breakfast Sale. Get a big economical package now—enjoy its deliciousness and its health-benefits daily.

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats Are the Same

MENU

Here's the Quaker Oats Summer Vitality Breakfast

Quaker Oats	1½ oz.
Milk on Quaker Oats	4 oz.
1 Glass Milk	8 oz.
Fruit or Vegetable Juice† (or fresh fruit)	4 oz.
2 Slices Toast, Buttered	
Jam, Jelly or Marmalade Spread	

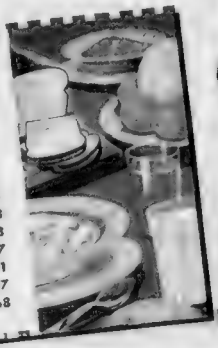
†Nutritive table at right based on 4 ounces Orange Juice in Menu.

For a special Summertime Treat make Delicious Oatmeal Cookies.

Here's What It Gives Your Family*

	% of Recommended Daily Allowance*
Calcium	61
Protein	34
Food-Energy	28
Iron	28
Vitamin A	27
Vitamin B_1	41
Vitamin B_2	37
Vitamin C	68

*Individual requirements vary. Above percentages are for moderately active man.



Quaker Oats

World's Best Tasting Breakfast Food

Two-Fisted

By Ted Leitzell

GENE McDONALD has won another fight. The two-fisted dreamer who gained a decision over a balky machine shop file at the cost of a pair of blistered hands when he was 16 has just subdued television, problem child of radio and is ready to bring it into America's parlors wearing its company manners. Which means first-run movies, Broadway plays and [illegible]

[illegible], who has fought monopolies, bureaucracies, physical handicaps and the elements [illegible] from machinist's apprentice to the presidency of the Zenith Radio Corporation with a personal fortune of millions, never did feel pessimistic about television, or its future.

Years ago he summed up the situation:

"Televisionaries think we can pay for television the same way we paid for radio. They are wrong. The public will demand programs equal to the movies in entertainment value and that will cost more money than advertisers can afford to pay. Until they get it, television will be a colossal flop."

But the televisionaries went ahead anyway several times. Each time their hopes flopped. After each collapse McDonald said:

"There's nothing wrong with television that money won't cure."

Well, then, he reasoned, why not let the consumer pay for it? Mr. and Mrs. Citizen pay to see movies at the theatre. Let them pay to see similar entertainment in their living room.

THAT'S what they can be doing shortly through McDonald's answer, "phone vision," now starting in production and open to all qualified comers for license, following the McDonald formula.

Here's the way [illegible]

The [illegible] set selects the program he wants to see and lifts the telephone receiver. [illegible] signal [illegible] to a small switching box connected with the telephone wire and the television set and the show is on.

Cost of the service [illegible] to his telephone bill at the end of the month. There is no interference with the regular service of commercial broadcasters.

Those who own phone vision sets [illegible] are unwilling to pay for the key signal [illegible] will still be able to see things on their screens but the distorted masses on view won't be entertainable. They will, however, be able to see all of the free television programs that are [illegible] broadcast.

With the consumer footing the bill, instead of the sponsor, commercials will be unnecessary.

With his new idea, Gene McDonald seems to have overcome another obstacle in an eventful life that has resembled a steeplechase. [illegible] quit high school in Syracuse, New York, and [illegible] a job with the Franklin Automobile Company.

THE superintendent took one look at the applicant's dirty hat and yellow gloves, [illegible] with money to burn" doorbells and [illegible] an office job. Young McDonald took his [illegible]

"I want to work with engines," he said. "I want to find out what makes them run and how to fix them."

At Last Television Pays Its Way. A Simple Phone Call Brings on the Show, Clearly in Focus and Without the Customary Radio Commercial—and the Price of Admission Goes on the Telephone Bill.

Dreamer

Gene McDonald—the Man Who Found a Way to Put Television in the Black

The Story Of Fighting Gene McDonald

"... I can sell them better and faster."

He got the job, one of the most difficult in the factory—that of filing aluminum castings to an exact fit. At the end of the first day, Gene McDonald threw away the yellow gloves because (1) he couldn't get them on over the blisters he had developed and (2) they didn't fit with the $6 a week he was earning, for a 72-hour week.

His next step was the assembly line. Then came the reward: the job of selling the car.

In 1906, when he was Southern sales manager, the car he was demonstrating lost a wheel on Lookout Mountain, car and driver tumbling down the slope. McDonald went to the hospital with a fractured skull, and came out of it minus the ability to hear through his right ear.

GENE McDONALD considered his plight, and noticed how many other men and women were deaf, or hard of hearing, and getting scant help.

As far back as Biblical times, sympathy went out to the lame, the halt and the blind, but those suffering from loss of hearing could read lips; or buy hearing aids—if they could afford them.

The price of such equipment was out of reach for the average citizen. McDonald started "dreaming" and in 1943 his dream reached fulfillment. He marketed hearing aids for $40 and $50, as against the earlier average of $200 per device.

Thousands of afflicted fellow men went back to normal life—to production jobs that helped win the war; jobs that had been closed to them before because of hearing defects. His Zenith company became the world's largest producers of hearing aids within three months.

Meantime, long before the development of his hearing aid, McDonald was experiencing the first of several severe—if temporary—setbacks.

He came out of the hospital with his good ear and his not-so-good bank account, obtained the exclusive franchise for the sale of an automobile self-starter only to see the manufacturer go bankrupt, taking the McDonald savings with him.

McDonald lived on borrowed money until he devised something new in the sale of used cars. He took old cars from a dealer, fixed them up mechanically, added a coat of paint and sold them at a profit that netted $16,000 in three months.

The project needed showmanship. He drove one of the used cars up the steps of the Logan monument in Chicago's Grant Park.

He had two people stationed at the top of the steps. One, the policeman, arrested him. The other, a photographer, took pictures, and the publicity was sensational.

He also started the time payment plan for automobiles in 1910, financing sales of light trucks.

Thus true Gene McDonald, as gadgeteer and inventor, came to light with World War I. He was commissioned a lieutenant in Naval Intelligence. With the aid of a wire recorder on his telephone he trapped grafters who were bent on swindling the government out of millions of dollars in war contracts. The war's end found him a lieutenant-commander.

He chuckled as his commanding officer said: "You've broken more rules and regulations than any two men in my command. But you've accomplished more than any five."

THE war tended to divert him from automobiles to radio and 1921 found him a manufacturing partner with two young men operating an amateur station with calls letters 9 ZN. From the call letters to Zenith was a natural step and Zenith Radio Corporation came into being.

He saw in shortwave bands, not merely a field where amateurs were permitted to play, but a dependable means of radio transmission.

When Commander Donald B. MacMillan's Arctic expedition set out in 1923, it was outfitted with shortwave sending and receiving sets, thanks to McDonald, and they proved their worth. Two years later, McDonald signed on with MacMillan as second in command of the MacMillan National Geographic Arctic expedition.

Gene McDonald did a job of selling on that trip. With logic and persistent demonstrations, he convinced the higher-ups in the Naval command that the U. S. Navy needed shortwave radio to supplement its communication system.

Along with his sales job he did some missionary work in the Arctic—a selfless task that was to lead into big business. McDonald presented numerous missionaries and officials in the land of ice and snow with radio sets, along with batteries he thought would last three years.

But the batteries were exhausted long before then.

Up there near the Arctic Circle, with nights six months long, radio sets provided lonely persons with contact with the outside world. They were in constant use.

Gene McDonald hadn't been home a year before he started getting requests for batteries from the Arctic region. He sent them, and began dreaming about a way of providing Arctic listeners, as well as others in remote regions, with replenished power.

One day the creaking of a windmill on an Illinois farm brought him up short.

Like Don Quixote he regarded the windmill at great length.

BUT, unlike Don Quixote, he didn't attack and break his spear on the windmill. Instead, he put it to work for him.

If a windmill could pump water it could charge radio batteries any place that air stirred.

In Sioux City, Iowa, McDonald visited two farm boys, brothers, who were doing a nice enough business selling air-driven generators. McDonald bought 51 per cent of the little factory, gave the new Wincharger Corporation an order for 50,000 units. Today, the wind is working for several hundred thousand farmers, miners, campers all over the world.

McDonald came out of a tussle in 1929 with a draw, instead of a decision. On a trip to Cocos Island, Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island, he tried out a gadget for locating metallic objects through bouncing radio waves. The island's humidity didn't agree with the detector, but it located unseen ships on the ocean!

He failed to realize he owned an early form of radar. But he did come home with a method of tropicalizing radio sets which is why American radio outperformed Japanese sets in the Pacific.

Zenith took a financial beating, like other companies, for several years following 1929, but McDonald, teamed with Hugh Robertson, executive vice-president, used the red ink to paint rosy pictures of the future.

The rosy pictures materialized in 1933 and McDonald's company was financially fat and sassy when World War II broke out. The government inquired about payment of royalties to manufacturers on radio patents and Gene McDonald spoke his mind.

A PATENT, he said, was an exclusive legal right granted by the government to an individual; that he did not believe individuals should use this right against the government in time of war. The government was given free war time license to all Zenith and Wincharger patents. Most other radio companies followed suit.

While McDonald believed that the government has the right, in time of war, to use the fruits of inventive genius for the national welfare, he always has subscribed to the principle that the inventor should be invested with the right to reap the rewards of his endeavors.

While his products were being used to beat the Japs and Nazis, McDonald was readying for battle on the home front.

It broke when the Federal Communications Commission proposed a change in the waveband assigned to Frequency Modulation (F.M.). The change would tend to restrict this new, static free method of broadcasting to urban regions.

McDonald thinks radio listeners on the farm and in the small towns should have it, too, and led a seemingly hopeless campaign to that end. He lost the first round, but the fight isn't over.

NEITHER is his bout with the powerful Radio Corporation of America. McDonald was the first radio manufacturer to take out a license with RCA, when it controlled practically all the basic patents. It now licenses manufacturers under thousands of patents it own or controls.

Last December McDonald balked, refusing to renew Zenith's RCA licenses, and filed suit to break what he considers a patent monopoly; an action reminiscent of Henry Ford's uphill but successful war on automobile patent monopolies.

If McDonald wins, royalties will be paid only for valid, court-tested patents.

If he loses—it won't be the first time for the two-fisted dreamer.

But he has always stubbornly refused to stay down long enough to be counted out.

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RELIEF FROM POISON IVY

Doctors Have Found That the Same Chemical Used to Treat Hay Fever and Asthma Speedily Halts Its Intolerable Itching

By G. B. Lal

IT HAS been found that by feeding a synthetic chemical, benadryl used in the treatment of hay fever asthma and other symptoms of allergy—the intolerable itching and other distressing effects of poison ivy are speedily abated.

Dr. Lester S. Blumenthal, instructor in medicine, George Washington University, and Dr. Morris H. Rosenberg, of the Gallinger Municipal Hospital, Washington, D. C., have developed the new treatment, following a scientific clue regarding the nature of ivy poisoning.

One of the first 14 cases, all of whom were relieved by benadryl feeding, was a 12-year-old boy who had gone out in the woods for a hike with his mother. He contacted poison ivy or sumach, and developed very severe poisoning symptoms, particularly skin rashes over his arms, legs, waist and trunk.

After suffering for two days, unable to eat, sleep, play or study normally, the unhappy boy was taken to the Washington physicians who gave him a 50-milligram capsule of benadryl to swallow. In less than half an hour there was a remarkable abatement of the painful itching. This relief lasted for eight hours. The next day, the same dose of the drug was given twice. By the third day of the benadryl therapy the skin was completely healed, no itching or any other ivy poisoning effect was left.

Although feeding benadryl, every four to six hours, practically freed all the 14 patients of itching, the disappearances of the skin rash was quicker in some than in others. It was clear that persons differed in their response to benadryl treatment.

Drs. Blumenthal and Rosenberg, in their preliminary report, published in the Medical Annals of the District of Columbia, describe a simple test by which they could foretell before prescribing the drug whether it would be beneficial.

A solution of benadryl, diluted with saline water, is injected intravenously over a period of 10 minutes. If at the end of the injection there results a marked decrease of itching and burning, the doctors feel reasonably sure that benadryl will be effective in this case.

What induced the Washington physicians to try out benadryl therapy was a medical theory which was advanced 10 years ago by the British physician, Sir Thomas Lewis, to explain how inflammation follows infection, allergic reaction or the contact with some irritating agent, such as severe heat or poison ivy.

The injurious agent releases from the tissues an "H substance," histamine, which changes the capillary blood vessels and causes other disturbances shown in inflammation.

Benadryl has been used for the relief of allergic symptoms such as hay fever, asthma, and some forms of headache. Its chemical name is "beta methyl-amino-ethyl benzhydryl-ether hydrochloride."

It is one of a whole group of new synthetic chemicals which are regarded as histamine destroyers—pyribenzamine, antergen, neoantergan, antistin and which may all be tried out in ivy poisoning.

The [illegible] cases with benadryl in cases of ivy poisoning have opened a whole new field for medical research. At present, it is not at all certain that histamine is important in causing inflammation as Lewis had supposed it to be. The discoveries of Dr. Valy Menkin, of the Temple University School of Medicine, Philadelphia, have shown that inflammation is also produced by "leucotaxine," different from histamine.

Leucotaxine is produced by the injured tissues, and it increases the permeability (chemical porousness) of the capillary blood vessels and rallies white blood cells to the site of injury and irritation. Whether some synthetic drugs, or substances derived from natural sources, would aid in the control of inflammation remains to be seen. There is every reason to believe that as scientists solve the mysteries of inflammation and allergic reactions, far more effective treatments for ivy poisoning and allergic ailments will be developed.

The old methods of relieving ivy poisoning do not interfere with the new benadryl therapy. They are local measures for counteracting and removing from the exposed skin the poisons of ivy, oak, sumach, smartweed and similar plants.

The parts of the skin, which have been exposed to those poison plants, should be vigorously scrubbed with brown laundry soap. Then they might be repeatedly washed with alcohol. A full soap and water bath should be taken and fresh clothing put on, as soon after exposure as possible.

Mostly the local "cures" are ineffective because they are given too late, according to an excellent report on the subject published by Dr. G. Albert Hill, professor of chemistry, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in the Journal of Chemical Education. The best of these are applications of chemicals which oxidize the poisons or counteract them.

Hydrogen peroxide, hypochlorites, sodium perborate, potassium permanganate are oxidizing agents; and bromines, in a very dilute solution in glycerine, lead acetate and ferric chloride, destroy the carbolic acid like properties of the ivy poisons.

Professor Hill has found that the plant called "jewel weed" provides juices which can destroy the ivy poisons to some extent. But, as he warns, the best way to deal with ivy poisoning is to avoid it.

Chemistry helps you to do that, principally by providing chemicals which, when sprayed on the undesirable plants, destroy them.

Every child should be taught to beware of the compound poison ivy leaf. "Fingers three, let it be"

Heartbreaks of Society

Lovely Louise White Suydam Defied Conventions and Public Opinion When She Abandoned Her Rich Husband for the Young Handyman—Only to Learn, Too Late, the Inevitable Consequences of Her Act

By Gene Coughlin

LOVELY Louise White Suydam tossed back the shining hair that had won her the title of "Princess Goldilocks" and turned her deep blue eyes on a gathering of New York society editors and reporters. She thrust out a determined little chin with a provocative dimple in it, and began talking in a firm, throaty voice.

"I am the new American woman who stands by the courage of her convictions, right or wrong. Impulse is law to me. I know the step I have taken is wrong, according to the conventions of modern society, but I bid defiance to public opinion. And here I am, ready to accept the consequences."

That was in 1911.

In the gathering dusk of a February day the following year, she shook back the same golden hair, and squinted her deep blue eyes, now tired and shadowed.

In the glare of the unshaded light bulb, she leaned over the kitchen table of a modest "housekeeping apartment" to write her last message to the world and to the man who had prompted her earlier declaration of independence.

"You and I," she wrote, "young, heedless, cynical, living in this reckless town of New York may laugh sometimes at the old things, like the law and religion, when they say 'Thou shalt not!' We may think the phrase was written for old fogies. Also, we may sneer at 'The wages of sin is death!'

"But, my friend, there comes to all of us the knowledge that the law and religion are right. What they say we shall not do—we cannot do without suffering.

"I have learned that. Also, 'The wages of sin is death!' It is worse than death. It is hell on earth!"

What happened to make her change her viewpoint, together with virtually everything that happened to the lovely Louise, combined to make her the central figure in one of the great tragedies of New York society.

Impulse first became law to Louise when she was 14. Daughter of the wealthy and socially prominent Mr. and Mrs. John Jay White, she solemnly announced one morning at breakfast that she was in love with handsome, young Walter Lispenard Suydam, Jr.

"I have met my fate," she said. "I am going to marry him."

"Nonsense," her mother laughed. "You're only a child, not old enough to know your own mind from one minute to the next."

"I have known my own mind," the schoolgirl declaimed, "ever since I was a child. Walter will be my husband."

It was no girlish wish; it was a fateful prophecy. Three years later Louise and Walter were married in Fifth Avenue's Church of the Heavenly Rest. The bride wore a collar of pearls and a row of diamond stars on the trailing white silk wedding gown.

In a rear pew, an erstwhile classmate of the 17-year-old bride whispered:

"It's the first long dress she's ever had."

They came back from the honeymoon to find their parents had provided a befitting town house on Lexington Avenue.

The 20-year-old bridegroom returned to his law studies.

Young Mrs. Suydam, her position enhanced if anything by her marriage, became the acknowledged leader of the "younger set" and plunged avidly into the dizzy whirl of balls and parties. Theirs was the perfect marriage—for several years, and then a combination of circumstances began undermining it.

Louise, possessed of a strong maternal instinct, became a mother, twice. In each instance, the child failed to survive. Her mother love frustrated, Louise became despondent.

THEN the family physician decided young Suydam's health was not equal to the strain of city life. The couple retired to a cottage at Blue Point, L. I., near Bayport.

Walter spent as much time as possible outdoors, swimming, sailing and fishing.

Louise yearned for a return to the ballrooms and the parties of the 400, the first nights at the theatre. Left to herself, she began casting about for means to relieve her boredom; and found the means in young Fred W. Noble.

There was nothing of the Don Juan or the Casanova about gangling Fred Noble. It is entirely possible that if beautiful Louise Suydam had encountered him on the streets of Manhattan in that fateful year of 1911, she wouldn't have given him the compliment of a second glance.

It was spring, however, a lazy spring on Long Island. At the age of 25, Louise considered herself "neglected."

Noble was only 19, a circumstance that may have reawakened her maternal instinct. He had a nice, boyish smile, wavy hair and "dreamy eyes," as she described them.

His father was a Brooklyn plumber. Fred did odd jobs on the island.

Their early meetings were innocent enough, sharing a bottle of milk and a sack of cookies on the beach.

Then came long walks on the beach, a moonlight rendezvous while Walter Suydam was out sailing in quest of his health.

Soon there was gossip, surging through Long Island and into New York's Park Avenue.

Young Suydam could no longer ignore it. Neither could his family, or the young wife's mother. Singly, and in combination, they urged her to "forget this foolish fancy."

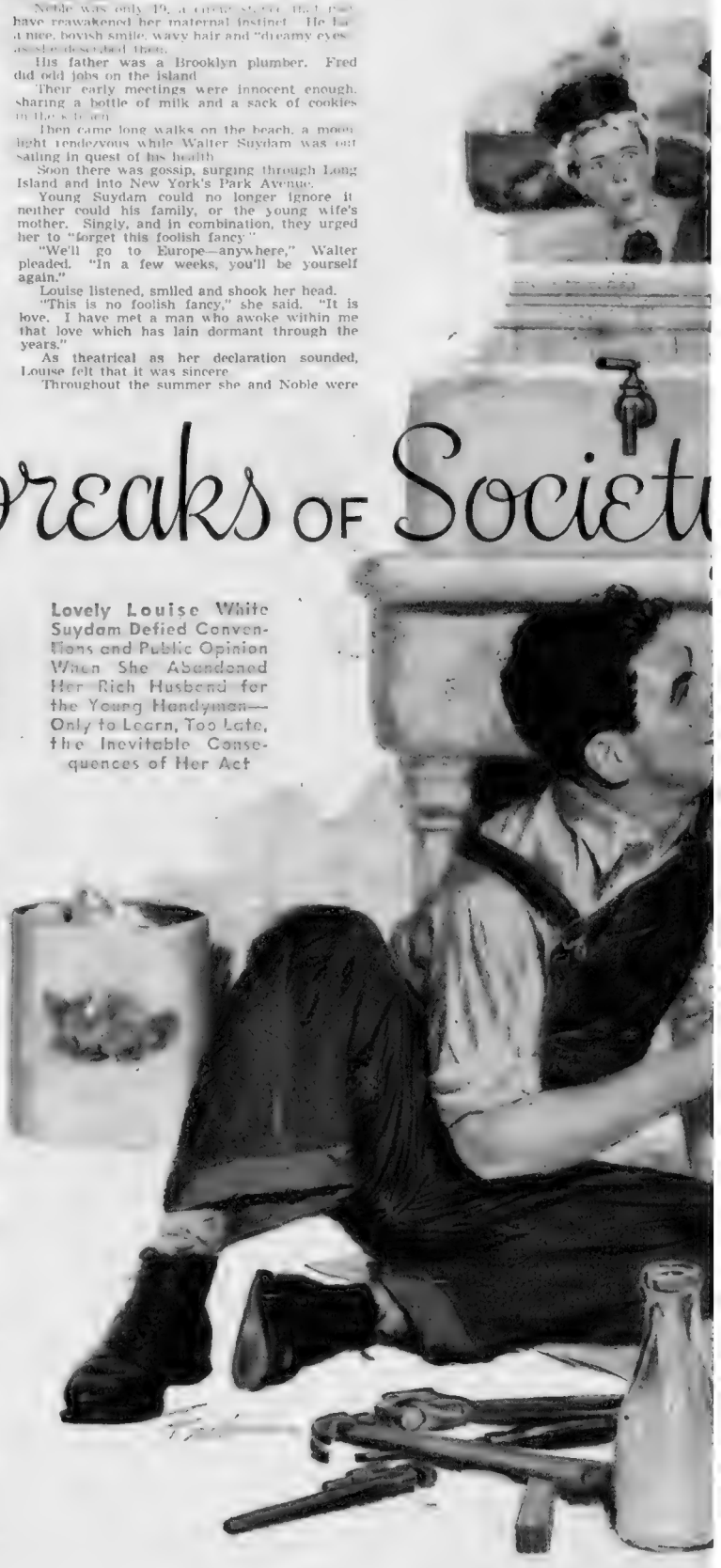
"We'll go to Europe—anywhere," Walter pleaded. "In a few weeks, you'll be yourself again."

Louise listened, smiled and shook her head.

"This is no foolish fancy," she said. "It is love. I have met a man who awoke within me that love which has lain dormant through the years."

As theatrical as her declaration sounded, Louise felt that it was sincere.

Throughout the summer she and Noble were



TRAGEDY of the WILFUL DEBUTANTE

There Was Nothing of the Casanova About Gangling Fred Nobler but Louise Found Him a Relief From Boredom. Her Early Meetings With the Plumber's Son Were Innocent Enough, Sharing a Bottle of Milk and Cookies in the Kitchen.

Illustrated by HARRY FREDMAN

together more and more, secretly and openly.

Finally, deciding they could not stand to be separated, they left Blue Point in September, with $20,000 Louise had drawn from the bank for "honeymoon" expenses.

Deeply distressed, both the Suydam and White families devotedly hoped that the runaways had gone to Europe, or South America, to lessen, if possible, the repercussions of the scandal. That was not the way, however, of Louise, "the new woman."

A few days after the elopement, reporters found the couple in a small housekeeping apartment on West 12th Street, Manhattan, and Louise welcomed them with her declarations of woman's independence:

"I am the new American woman who stands by the courage of her convictions, right or wrong ...Impulse is law to me...I bid defiance to public opinion."

That published challenge caused so much protest on West 12th Street that Louise's landlord insisted that Fred find another place to live and only call on her during the daytime. It also caused heart broken Walter Suydam to make one final plea. When that failed, he got a divorce.

Soon after the decree was granted, Louise and young Noble were married in New Jersey. Back in the West 12th Street apartment, they said to each other:

"This is true love."

"Yes, now we will be completely happy."

At first, nothing distressed them.

FRED lost his job, but that didn't matter to Louise. The $12 he had been earning weekly wouldn't have kept her in gloves and stockings. Her own income was $6,000 a year and her romantic escapade had not affected it.

In a few days, however, Louise began to realize that the small apartment in which she had so boldly declared her independence was changing into a prison.

She began to realize, too, that the celimate she had chosen only made her imprisonment more irksome.

She was no longer welcome at the balls and parties that had been so important in her life.

If she went shopping, or to the theatre, she was the target of curious stares and audible whispers. Of course, she and Fred could have fled abroad but Louise considered such a flight an admission of failure as the "new American woman."

So they spent the days and the nights in the little apartment, staring at each other and trying to figure out ways and means of bridging the gap between themselves; between their backgrounds; between themselves and society.

The dominant member of the team, Louise, finally decided that it couldn't be done. Nor could the romantic hours spent in the balmy evenings on Long Island be recaptured.

Impulse became law to her again. On the afternoon of Feb. 3, 1912, she sent Fred out on an errand and sat down at the kitchen table and wrote him her discovery:

"You and I, Fred...may laugh sometimes at the old things, like the law and religion...Also, we may sneer at 'the wages of sin is death'...It is worse than death. It is hell on earth!"

There was another, briefer note, explaining she was going to her mother's home, where she was still welcome.

She did visit her mother that evening, but she didn't stay overnight as she had planned. Some force drove her from the Lexington Avenue mansion. Perhaps the drums of her destiny were beating too loudly, too rapidly, to let her rest.

SOME time around midnight, Louise went back to West 12th Street, to find her bewildered husband of three weeks studying her letter.

Neighbors heard them talking until 2 a.m. and then there was silence. Several hours later, Mrs. White discovered Louise had not slept in the bed that had been hers since childhood.

The anxious mother telephoned the 12th Street apartment. There was no answer. She got the building superintendent on the phone and he suddenly recalled an ominous incident. The day before, Louise Noble had sent her three Pomeranian pets -Pluffles, Dixie and We-uns—to a boarding kennel because she was "afraid they might get hurt."

The superintendent hurried to the apartment on the third floor, found the door locked and bolted. He called the police, who sniffed suspiciously as they broke down the door.

Except for the hissing of the gas from five open jets, the kitchen was quiet. On the floor, clad in French negligee, lay the beautiful woman who had defied convention; her head pillowed on the lifeless arm of the youth who had prompted that defiance. Louise Suydam Noble, "the new American woman," had acted on her last impulse.

It was far too late to attempt to revive them.

Some time later, two men by chance climbed the stairs together, to identify the bodies.

Walter Lispenard Suydam, Jr., gave one quick sob and turned toward the other man, who had sobbed in unison.

"Who are you?" the abandoned husband asked.

"His—his father," the other man replied. "I guess we—we never met."

"No. I guess we never did."

The two men turned from the bodies, faced each other and then, silently, the plumber and the plutocrat gripped each other's hand.

Next week, Juliet From Missouri.

Riding the FRONT-RUNNERS

When Jule Fink Starts Scratching on His Pad at the Race Track, Any Number of Turf Bigwigs Are Likely to Be Peeking Over His Shoulder

By Ken Kling

PRACTICALLY every horseplayer has a system. Jule Fink's system differs from most in two respects. His is simple and apparently it works. It has worked so well that he managed to parlay a few two-bit bets into well over a million dollars.

In 1926, when he was 12 years old, Jule sold newspapers outside the Latonia race track in Cincinnati. Once in a while, after his papers had been disposed of, he was able to sneak inside. The first race he watched made him a turf fan for life. Nothing in the world, he decided, could be as exciting as the sight, the sound and the uncertainty of a horse race.

Some of the other newsies had form charts on which they relied. Jule pored over the form charts, too, but he concentrated most of his attention on the horses themselves. After a while he thought he had figured out why some long shots won while others might just as well have been left at the post. He began to risk a quarter here and there with small time bookies and learned that he had discovered a profession much more profitable than selling papers.

Jule Fink's hunch was that many horses, like many humans, are front runners. The form charts told him that certain horses were sprinters and common sense told him that sprinters ordinarily couldn't be expected to do very well in a long race. Nevertheless, every once in a while the other horses would still be eating a sprinter's dust at the finish line.

By long and careful observation, Jule found that when a sprinter won a race of any distance, he usually was out in front at the start and stayed that way. When a sprinter failed to get off well at the break, he was likely to finish in the ruck regardless of where he might happen to be at any other point in the race.

Perhaps, Jule reasoned, horses had something resembling egos or inferiority complexes or some of the other psychological quirks that plague their two-legged associates. Perhaps being in the lead pumped a little extra adrenalin or inspiration or something into the body or soul of a horse that otherwise would tire easily.

Whatever the answer might be, a confidence in the staying ability of front-runners became the basis of Jule Fink's system. Combined with it were a facile mind, a prodigious memory and shrewd judgment qualities which never did any horseplayer any harm.

As the years went on and his success at the Cincinnati track became somewhat legendary, Fink acquired a small group of disciples who accepted him as the handicapper supreme.

Four of them, who called themselves Pete [illegible] Jury and [illegible] the Greek, became his virtual shadows. When Fink made a bet on a horse, they made one, too. As his wealth increased, [illegible]. Eventually the five of them became known as the Speed Boys, and a vast collection of fables and fantasies began to build itself around them.

When the long-suffering Cincinnati bookmakers refused to accept any more bets from the Speed Boys, the quintet moved to Detroit, where they did almost as well. There was just one trouble. Fink had no way of knowing whether a trainer planned to give a fast horse [illegible] or whether he had instructed the rider to hold him in for the finish. It made quite a difference in his calculations and the Speed Boys began to look for some horses of their own.

When they arrived in Miami in 1941 they had a modest string of two. African Sun and Listing. They put an awful dent in the Hialeah bookies, added more horses to the growing stable and moved on to the lush hunting grounds of New York.

That was when they began to go places in a big way. Their stable was the tenth leading money winner of the 1945 New York season. They collected $114,000 in purses and five times that much in bets. The bookmakers turned thumbs down on them after they won a quarter of a million dollars in one day at Belmont Park by parlaying three steeds from their own stalls—Huntsman, Herodotus and First Gun.

Fink, who is 33 now and looks and acts like a polite, well-bred college boy, counts on the psychology of men as well as horses. He rarely picks a horse more than 15 minutes before a race, since last-minute scratches may indicate an important difference in the way the race will be run. His satellites are usually at his elbow, waiting for his choice.

Tarpan, one of the boys' own horses, was entered in a race at Belmont but they didn't do a thing about it until just before the take-off. Then they lined up in front of the $100 windows and told the tellers to start punching and not to stop until post time. By then, they had $18,000 on the line and Tarpan won at 4-1.

Some of Fink's eleventh-hour stuff is to keep other bettors guessing, since word that the Speed Boys are plunging may knock the odds to smithereens. When Fink lolls in a box at the track, armed with nothing more alarming than a pad and a fountain pen, plenty of turf big shots are apt to be peeking over his shoulder. One of his admirers is Herbert Bayard Swope, former New York racing commissioner.

Plenty of envious rivals tried to pin something crooked on the Speed Boys, but they got nowhere. Nevertheless, when the boys wanted to ship their horses to Florida last year, they were told that stall space was solidly booked. They got the same story in Santa Anita and New Orleans. There seemed to be nothing to do but put the stable up at auction, which they did at Saratoga—after entering most of the horses in races which they could win easily.

It was a bright move and the auction brought in $236,000.

But Fink isn't through with the great racing gamble—not by a long shot! Very quietly he's gathered up another string of speedsters. He has a daughter named Marlene and a wife named Etta, so now he's operating as the Marlet Stable. Personally, I'm going to keep an eye on it.

The Young Newsboy Started Betting His Quarters With the Small-Time Bookies.

Illustrated by E. BARTRUM

FOR A *Pick-up*

. . . PICK UP

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MR. PEANUT
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Planters Peanuts are rich in food energy. That's why millions of people pick up Planters . . . *for a pick-up every day!* Men, women, children . . . *everyone* loves Planters Peanuts! And Planters Peanuts are *good* for *everyone.*

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Keep Planters Peanuts always handy. Eat some at ten, they'll pick you up. Then at four enjoy some more. End afternoon fag.

AT LUNCH TIME
Eat Planters Peanuts. They're chock-full of vitamins and energy. Buy Planters at your favorite eating place.

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For special treats let your children eat plenty of Planters Peanuts. Really nourishing!

PLANTERS PEANUTS . . . America's Nickel Lunch!* A nourishing picker-up between meals; an any-time, *all*-time favorite. Rich in vitamins and food energy. The fastest selling peanuts in the world!

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PLANTERS COCKTAIL SALTED PEANUTS . . . vacuum-packed! fresh! crisp! tasty! Big, plump, Virginia peanuts . . . roasted and salted just *right!* Always keep a half-dozen cans on hand for parties, luncheons, dinners, between-meal-snacks.

IN THE LUNCH-BOX
Planters Peanut Butter makes wonderfully hearty sandwiches. Put Planters sandwiches in picnic baskets and workmen's lunch-boxes.

SALADS AND SANDWICHES
Serve Planters Peanut Butter in dozens of salads and sandwiches. Planters combines with many other foods for top deliciousness. .

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Reach for Planters Cocktail Salted Peanuts when drinks are served. They're natural favorites of men. Make parties sparkle.

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Everyone likes Planters Cocktail Salted Peanuts. Serve them to unexpected guests—at luncheons, dinners, anytime.

PLANTERS PEANUT BUTTER . . . Homogenized just *right* for creamy goodness. Made by PLANTERS, the greatest name in peanuts, from choice No. 1 peanuts only. Rich in vitamins, protein, minerals. Children *love* its true peanut flavor.

PLANTERS IS THE WORD FOR PEANUTS

Even the Trip Back Home as a Guest of the Law Failed to Faze William L. Cimillo—the Little Pixie Was Out and He Felt Better.

JUST FED UP

By Jack Stone

WILLIAM L. CIMILLO, 37, wheeled his big, new bus through upper New York City and his heart was low. For 16 years he'd been driving this same route, stopping for lights, stopping for passengers, clutch in, brake off, clutch out, brake on, fares please, watch your step, pardon madame.

Most of the time he could take it. But this morning spring was in the air and a rebellion stirred his soul. He'd had bad luck at the races and was in debt. He had trouble supporting his wife and two children. The future loomed as a drab monotony. He sighed—and at that moment the George Washington Bridge, gateway to New Jersey and the far south, came into view.

Cimillo had never before hesitated at this intersection. The turn was right, of course. As he sat there, however, a strange compulsion seized him. Without further ado he turned, not right, but left—clutch out, brake off, accelerate, faster, faster—over the bridge, through New Jersey, Philadelphia, into Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia . . .

Three days later Cimillo was arrested in Hollywood, Florida. He was happy. No excuses. Spring, maybe. They brought him back in his wayward bus and charged him with grand larceny. For all that, he was his old cheerful self again. Then an unexpected thing happened.

Cheering throngs met him wherever he went. His company gave him his job back. His wife hugged him tearfully. He was a hero.

The average man who steals a parked automobile usually winds up in the jug, but Cimillo, who made off with a $16,000 bus, was a hero.

Why? Because Cimillo's odyssey was the result of a normal desire he'd had the courage to indulge; because he did what most people secretly yearn to do. Donald A. Laird, well-known psychologist, explains it this way:

"Some people are of a submissive nature and conceal the little frustrations and restrictions of daily life, but others are rebels who put up with a monotonous routine only until the day comes when they boil over inside. Then the hidden pixie emerges and they kick over the traces.

"The 'rebels' are found more in the big cities where boredom-producing jobs are in the majority. Thousands of persons are closer than they know to walking out of an old atmosphere into a new one for no apparent reason. Cimillo obeyed this common impulse and those who read it received vicarious satisfaction.

"Reading about an escapade of this sort is often as satisfying as having done it one's self. The law should be appreciative of the mischief done by one person because it has drained the hidden energy from hundreds of others who wanted secretly to do the very same thing—or worse."

There's the case of Cecil Fike, 15-year veteran announcer of Station WHHM in Memphis, Tenn. Fike had been a model of radio propriety, never deviating from accepted ethics. He served three years in the Pacific, came back, took up his old job. Everything went fine until the compulsion came to Fike as it had to Cimillo.

Then, early one morning when he was alone, in complete control of the station, he threw away his script, banged on the table and shouted: "Are you listening, Crump (E. H. Crump, Memphis political boss), damn you? This is an opportunity I've wanted for a long time . . ."

At times incoherent, Fike aired his complaints about city government and veteran treatment to a waking radio public. A rival station made records of the broadcast but Fike's own bosses slept peacefully on. The next day, out of a job, Fike explained blandly: "I just got fed up."

Mary Zimmerman Couldn't Take College Life, So She Wound Up as a Servant Girl.

A Jackson, Miss., waitress, off duty, walked into the restaurant where she worked, picked up a chocolate pie and slapped it into her employer's face.

"I've wanted to do this for six months," she remarked.

Mary Zimmerman, 19-year-old co-ed at Bowling Green State University in Ohio, disappeared from the college and was found four days later working as a domestic in the home of a Fort Wayne, Ind., clothier. She got fed up, too.

"I was sick of trying to live up to the expectations of my family and friends," she said. "All my sorority sisters had time to play around but I had to work 40 hours a week to earn my way. All my life everyone seems to have taken a personal interest in what I do. I got so I did everything because other people expected me to. I felt sort of shaky inside. So I just walked out."

Perhaps no other youth had prospects of such a brilliant future, theoretically, as William J. Sidis, Boston child prodigy who, at the age of 11, knew more than a roomful of college professors. But he got so bored with his own mathematical wizardry that he became a recluse in his middle 20s and wound up collecting trolley transfers.

Pat O'Dea was once a great football hero at Wisconsin. After graduation he grew so tired of his girl fame that he ran away from himself literally. He changed his name and faded into obscurity for 20 years.

There are thousands of other cases of a similar nature. Missing Persons Bureaus are full of names of those who just wanted to "get away." Dr. Laird says:

"The average American is not shell-like enough to enjoy the regimentation of modern living. He cooperates with the law most of the time but under unusual strain gives vent to that urge which says: 'If you want to do it, do it!'"

Are you bored with your daily routine? Will you sit there and take it or are you a "rebel?" You don't have to run away with a bus to Florida, or go crusading on the air, or drop from sight forever to satisfy that uncontrollable whim. There's a much simpler sedative, according to Dr. Laird:

"Take a vacation in a different climate and in a small place. See new faces, new places. Then back to the grind until the little pixie fights his way out again."

Boy with a Baton

Pierino Gamba, the "Pocket Toscanini," Bows to His Audience After Leading a Symphony Orchestra; Upper Left, Loris Maazel, Conducting at 9.

By June Booth

A FRAIL, 9-year-old boy, scarcely over four feet tall, stepped upon the podium of the Palais de Chaillot Concert Hall in Paris recently and assumed his conductor's stance.

Five thousand music-lovers waited with bated breath. Now they would learn whether Pierino Gamba, Italy's prodigy, who had set Rome afire a full year ago, was truly a genius or just a flash in the pan.

The pocket Toscanini, clad in knee breeches and looking more like a wee puppet than a full-scale maestro, swept his baton down and the opening bars of Mozart's overture to "Clemenza Di Tito" filled the auditorium.

Then for two hours, while the audience alternately listened raptly and shouted its praise, little Pierino, never hesitating, led the 70 grown musicians of the city's Lamoureux Orchestra through Mozart, Rossini, Schubert and Beethoven without benefit of score.

The ovation he had received in Rome was well deserved! The little one had done it again! Viva Pierino! A new musical genius was on his way! A week later he repeated his performance.

Pierino Gamba might well be standing on the threshold of great things—or he might be heading for musical oblivion before he has a chance to spread his miniature wings.

Like prodigies in other types of effort, Pierino must be nurtured as carefully as the most delicate of plants and brought to full bloom slowly and painfully, lest his enormous talent wither and die. This is the opinion of those who have seen musical geniuses grow and who have seen them shrink.

Is it possible for a nine-year-old boy to have the technical knowledge necessary to conduct a symphony orchestra? Especially a boy like Pierino, whose musical background, according to his father, consists of only eight piano lessons? Or is Pierino's just another case of a phonographic memory—an ability to absorb and hold in mind great compositions to the twelfth of a note?

Efrem Kurtz, who, in connection with his symphonic work here and abroad and his musical direction of the Ballet Russe, has worked with many young artists, says:

"The appearance of a child prodigy conductor can, in my estimation, prove only that the talent is there," said Mr. Kurtz. "Children are often gifted with extraordinary talents, in painting and acting as well as in music, but talent alone does not make a finished artist."

Even if Pierino Gamba's symphonic direction were perfectly genuine—and no one at this distance would venture to say it isn't—he still is not a conductor in the real sense, according to Mr. Kurtz.

The mature conductor, aside from displaying his talent, must deal with some very prosaic personnel problems. As pointed out by Mr. Kurtz, a conductor must be a leader of men, as well as musicians, and he must be able to command respect. He must understand the technicalities of harmony, counterpoint, composition, instrumentation, dynamics and so on.

Furthermore a conductor should have a broad general education. A knowledge of languages is essential to understanding the text and drama. Mastery of several languages is important, since, for more accurate interpretation of a composer's work, a musical score should be read in the original as should any background material on the composer.

A conductor should also study philosophy to understand the principles at work in this world of ours. He should know history and make a study of the thoughts and habits of people of various times and climes.

Nor is that all. A conductor must work out an extensive repertoire. Unlike a soloist, who may master five selections and tour the world with them, a conductor must be equipped with many if he is to last a season.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

Understandably enough, there have been very few child conductors. It is easier for a youngster to master one instrument than it is for him to conduct 80 to 90 people in a symphony. There have been any number of outstanding child musicians among them Jascha Heifetz, Yehudi Menuhin and Mischa Elman -- who have developed into great artists.

Child conductors are scarce. Mr. Kurtz has known three: Anatole Fistoulari, a Russian, who, after a very busy childhood (he began conducting at seven) and several years in the French Army, is now principal conductor of the London Philharmonic.

Lorin Maazel, an American, was a conductor at eight. But he took time out for study and training. Now 17, he is considered an outstanding violinist and pianist as well.

The third was Willi Ferrero, who showed considerable promise at [illegible] but I regret [illegible] to [illegible] has the will to succeed, to overcome obstacles in the way of all artists, and proper guidance by teachers and parents, is quite possible that he will be world-acclaimed [illegible] years from now. He must be given time and [illegible] to develop [illegible] ... [illegible] talent needs time to expand.

In the meantime, Pierino earns no [illegible] to pay for future study and education, and if his health is watched for, Mr. Kurtz sees no reason at all why the youngster cannot become a great conductor.

They Had Gone Down by Train, Then Hired Bicycles at the Station. Lucien Waved to a Little House Buried in the Trees and Murmured, "There Is My Little Paradise."

Case of the

By Peter Levins

MLLE. MARIE LACOSTE froze in her tracks, unable to believe the evidence of her own eyes. Instinctively she clutched the nearest counter and held herself erect, while her eyes remained fixed upon a smiling, urbane face which to her spelled Murder.

The man at whom she gazed was standing near the cashier's desk at the end of an aisle of chinaware. He had placed his derby on the desk, exposing his polished bald head, and was extracting bank notes from a wallet.

Around him, and between him and Mlle. Lacoste, milled Saturday shoppers, all unaware of the drama being enacted in their presence.

"It is he," Mlle. Lacoste whispered to herself. "It could be nobody else!"

The picture of the man had been etched upon her memory for a full year—the polished skull, the fan-shaped, fawn-colored beard, the thin nose, the small, glittering dark eyes.

She had always known she would recognize him if she ever saw him again. Here he was now, within a few yards of her, calmly dealing out money in a china shop in the heart of Paris.

"Murderer—murderer—murderer!" she wanted to scream, but the words did not come. Even as she stood there trying to improvise some quick plan of action, she saw him don his hat, bow genially, and move away.

She headed toward him, but the going proved slow against the mass of shoppers. By the time she reached the cashier's desk, he had vanished.

"That—that man who was just here!" she blurted. "That customer..."

"Yes, madam," the cashier responded helpfully. "What about him, madam?"

"I—I have been looking for him a long while," Mlle. Lacoste explained, trying to mask her urgency. "An old, old friend...Must get in touch with him...Would you—would you oblige me with his address?"

"But of course!" The cashier consulted a sales slip. "Monsieur Guillet resides at 76 Rue de Rochechouart. He has come here on several occasions, sometimes accompanied by Mme. Guillet. A most engaging gentleman, as you probably know, madam."

"Oh, most engaging!"

Marie Lacoste got out of the shop on the Rue de Rivoli and hastened to the nearest police station.

There she announced, that momentous Saturday afternoon, April 12, 1919, that she had just learned the address of that so-called engineer Fremyet whom she and the authorities had been seeking for many months—Fremyet, the charming deceiver, the abductor, swindler, and in her very positive opinion the slayer of her sister, Mme. Annette Pascal.

"What's more," she added, "he is probably the man Dupont, suspected of the same offenses in the case of the Widow Collumb."

At police headquarters, to which Mlle. Lacoste was referred, officials exhibited interest in her information mainly because of similarities in descriptions of Guillet, or Fremyet, or Dupont, with a swindler named Landru, whom the French police had been wanting to get their hands on for almost four years.

His full name was Henri Desire Landru, the records showed. Born in Paris in 1869, the son of a stoker, he had sung in a church choir as a child. He had planned to become a mechanical engineer, but had been conscripted at 17 and spent four years in the army.

Having married and fathered the first of four offspring he found himself immersed in drudgery; he worked not as a mechanical engineer but as a bookkeeper and general clerk. Eventually he rebelled, at the age of 30, and never again concerned himself with honest labor.

He had been convicted of fraud in 1900; sentence, two years. Again in 1904; sentence, two years. Again in 1906; sentence, 13 months.

In 1909, he got two sentences of three years. In July, 1914, as the world was plunging into war, new swindling charges were brought against him, and when he could not be found he was sentenced in absentia to four years imprisonment and life-long exile in New Caledonia. The police, disorganized by war, had not caught up with him.

What had he been doing with himself in the interim? The police—and the world—were about to find out.

Two detectives called at the address on the Rue de Rochechouart the morning after Mlle. Lacoste's visit to headquarters.

In a cozy flat, nicely furnished, they found not only the man, now using the name Lucien Guillet, but an attractive young woman who said she was his wife.

THIS was not the wife of his youth, however, not the faithful mother of his four children. This was a tall, coquettish girl named Fernande Segret, who was soon to tell an interesting story.

Mlle. Segret, employed at the time as a shop assistant, had first encountered "Guillet" while she and another young woman were strolling along a street in Montmartre. He had warned them of the hazards confronting attractive women on the boulevards of Paris, and they had laughed at him but had not sent him away.

Indeed, he'd struck them as a rather odd little fellow, with his luxuriant whiskers and gentle, courtly manner, but within a few days Fernande, having learned that he had an automobile and a villa in the country, found herself introducing him to her family circle.

"That evening Lucien was dazzling in his 'go' and comicalities," she was to relate. "Without ever forgetting that he was in the presence of ladies, he poured out jokes, witty retorts, and even juggled for us with the napkin rings in a clever

Illustrated by SEYMOUR BALL

Comical BLUEBEARD

way, all the time garnishing his talk with the most wonderful puns...He attracted the liking of all and no one had eyes all the evening for anyone but Monsieur Lucien."

IN return, he had entertained Fernande and her mother at his flat, which he had filled with flowers for the occasion.

They were charmed and delighted, and were most disapointed to hear that Monsieur Guillet, being a refugee from the invaded regions, had lost his identity papers, so necessary for a marriage ceremony. But there seemed to be no mistaking the fact that he cared for Fernande.

"We have promised to be frank with each other," he wrote her, "and I will tell you everything about myself which you would like to know, or which it is good for you to know.

"But please, please do not press me too soon. I am by nature, by life, by reason of my real loneliness, spiritual and material, a hermit, and utterly reserved. Perhaps you will find many new things in me, more than you could suppose.

"It is for you who have so much good sense to see that you don't ask too much from me at a time, and I will see to it, in compensation for all that hard experience has taught me, that no troubles you have and are good enough to confide in me can touch you.

"Another of those hard truths which I have to recognize, and which, perhaps, is one of the reasons, or a part of one of the reasons, for your sadness, is the fact that I am no longer of the same charming and hopeful age as yourself.

"The years have been hard on me in all the painful acceptation of the term; if I have kept a body which is still supple and healthy I owe it only to a strict hygiene and to the avoidance of all excesses.

"Certainly I am still vigorous, more so perhaps than many a young man of our city, but the years have marked their imprint on me and I would take it as a stupidity to try to hide it.

"But for you, little friend, whose very walk is pretty, whose fresh smile and eyes have a right to happiness, to dream, can I have the right to consider myself even as a chance pal without presumption?"

Finally, with the tacit consent of her mother, Fernande had gone to live in his apartment on the Rue de Rochechouart, and soon afterward he had taken her to see his villa in Gambais, south of town. They had gone down by train, then hired bicycles at the station.

"At last we passed the cemetery," Fernande related, "and then, before we entered the village, Lucien waved to a little house buried in the trees, and murmured to me happily, 'There is my little paradise!' "

She had noticed that the garden, which was quite large, seemed completely neglected, and she had found the house practically without furniture. As she put it, "none of the rooms seemed to be used for what it was intended."

However, she had been struck with a practical thought: now that German bombing planes were raiding Paris regularly, would it not be possible for her family to come live here in Gambais?

Lucien, however, had not warmed to that idea. Months later, she knew why.

The two detectives who called that Sunday morning, April 13, 1919, seized him as soon as they stepped inside the door.

"Messieurs!" he exclaimed. "Would you arrest me in my own home?"

They certainly would. Not only that, they arrested Fernande, too, but soon assured her that she would not be held.

That afternoon, officers escorted the pair back to the apartment to be present at the impounding of their papers.

In combing through the suspect's effects, detectives happened on a cheap notebook with a black waxed cloth cover. Ruled in money columns in pale blue ink, it was almost filled with closely-written notations in pencil.

For the most part, these appeared to be merely the petty accounts of a methodical man, but up in the front of the book there was a page on which were inscribed 11 names. One of the names was "Pascal." Another was "Collumb."

Landru—as we will call him now, for he admitted his true identity as soon as he was taken into custody—had meticulously listed all the small expenses of numerous little trips out of town.

Quite often he had written in the book: "Single ticket, 3 fr. 10; Return ticket, 4 fr. 95."

The police soon realized that these tickets referred to trips to Gambais. The round-trip tickets had been for himself, the one-way tickets for companions.

"A thrifty fellow indeed!" Monsieur Dautel, police official in charge of the case, told reporters at headquarters. "Why buy return tickets for those who would not return?"

This small, middle-aged imposter had evidently been quietly operating as a mass murderer all during the war years. Long months of investigation were to establish beyond doubt that 10 women and a youth—son of the first victim on Landru's list—had disappeared without trace, along with all their earthly possessions.

Many Parisians were shocked when newspapers revealed that no less than 283 women had been wooed, won and swindled by the bald-pated prisoner. Others saw something comic in such a situation.

In fact, the time came when audiences in French theatres collapsed into gales of merriment at the very mention of the number 283.

Almost without exception, the victims had been lonely widows without family ties whom he contacted through matrimonial and furniture-for-sale ads.

His usual pose had been that of a refugee from an invaded region. He would tell one woman that he had vast claims against the state for a factory occupied by the enemy.

To another he would confide that he had rendered the state highly important services for which he was to be awarded an appointment as consul to some distant (but attractive) country to which, of course, it would be impractical to ship madam's negotiable furniture.

Sometimes, to account for his often unavoidable aura of mystery, he explained that he was a key man in the secret service.

Romantic Parisians were pleased and gratified to learn that, without exception, Monsieur Bluebeard had never "mistreated" a lady friend.

Not one of the "fiancees" had anything but praise for his behavior—his numerous small kindnesses, his never-failing gallantry, his gifts of flowers, his sensitive appreciation of music and other forms of fine art.

Indubitably, the fellow had a knack for courtship; seemed to know exactly how to handle the type of woman in which he specialized.

(An examining magistrate remarked, "It seems it was your habit to enter as a client, to emerge as a fiance.")

Naturally, police officers searched and dug through the Gambais villa, as well as a previous place he had rented at Vernouillet.

BUT though they found tons of furniture, old clothes, cheap furs, false teeth, false hair, and all sorts of knickknacks most of which he had stored in a Neuilly garage—the investigators could uncover no trace whatever of a body.

Eleven persons had vanished after knowing this man, and in no instance was there any material evidence to establish a corpus delicti.

One theory had it that he disposed of his victims in a kitchen stove he had installed at Gambais.

Another suggestion was that he had dropped numerous small bundles on a convenient dump to which fleets of trucks daily delivered refuse from Paris.

Invariably the questions and answers went as follows during the pre-trial examinations:

"Landru, what happened to Mme. So-and-So?"

"I do not know what happened to her."

"Where is she?"

"How should I know? That is for you to discover."

"You murdered her!"

"Prove it!"

The police could prove nothing—except that these 11 persons had disappeared, that they took nothing with them, not even their identity papers, and that Landru apparently acquired all their possessions.

Taken individually, one case at a time, the man could not be convicted of anything worse than larceny, but when considered in toto, 11 coincidences spelled the same word to the police and public as the sight of him had spelled to Mlle. Lacoste in the china shop.

So at long last, on Nov. 17, 1921, Henri Desire Landru was placed on trial—not in Paris but in Versailles. (It was feared that a jury of Parisians might turn him loose because of his diverting personality and his extraordinary exploits in the realms of romance.)

Spectators flocked to the courtroom from miles around, for by this time Monsieur Bluebeard had become practically a national institution, like the races and the opera.

Nor did the star of the show disappoint his public. Looking thin almost to the point of transparency, he had a way of gazing into the distance, as though his immediate surroundings were unworthy of his attention. He viewed the avid audience, as well as his prosecutors, with a proud and aloof tranquility.

Here are some samples of his courtroom remarks:

"I cannot think of revealing the nature of my relations with Mme. Guillon."

"I could hardly buy a return ticket for a lady."

"Every time you find a figure in my notebook, you call it an assassination."

"Was every businessman to be responsible for the future of every client he dealt with?"

"There is nothing to laugh at"—this to the courtroom crowd. "I defend my life."

"I am deeply hurt"—this to his prosecutors "that I am not believed."

NO, he most certainly was not believed, and on Nov. 30, after but two hours' deliberation, the jury found him guilty. The jury recommended mercy but the court chose to disregard this indulgent suggestion, and he was beheaded early the morning of Feb. 25, 1922.

Some people in this country expressed surprise when they read, last winter, that Charlie Chaplin was planning to base his latest picture on the Landru case.

However, when one studies the character of the little dealer in furniture and females it appears that perhaps after all his side-splitting, dinner table "comicalities" might be suitable material for typical Charlie Chaplin comedy treatment.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

TOO MANY WOMEN LOVED HIM!

Would the jury believe his
shocking story? Would YOU?

When a man goes to the devil he usually takes a woman with him...
this man took THREE!

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Directed by IRVING PICHEL • Produced by JOAN HARRISON
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THE SHOCK OF A LIFETIME AWAITS YOU IN THE STARTLING CLIMAX!

RKO RADIO

Names Worth Saving

WHEN a bid of $75,259 brought the manuscript of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" to an American collector, it stimulated an already active interest in autograph collecting all over this country.

That was a top figure reflecting Alice's world fame. Its 92 pages in the author's copper plate writing and illustrated with his 37 pen and ink sketches made it unique and irreplaceable.

Other high prices for rare signatures in the past decade have swelled the army of autograph hunters. Even bankers and boxers now waylay stage and screen stars hoping they too may some day cash in on a celebrity's signature.

But as Rev. Dr. Cornelius Greenway, a Brooklyn pastor and king of collectors of autographed photographs points out, signatures of current theatrical and movie stars aren't worth a dime. Even Greta Garbo's comparatively rare autograph isn't. But occasional high prices do not mean that collecting autographs of the great men and women of the past is a hobby only for the wealthy.

Compared to the Autographs of Departed Greats, Those of Sinatra and Other Current Theatrical Celebrities Aren't Worth a Dime.

IN a recent book "Autographs: A Key to Collecting," by Mary A. Benjamin, copyrighted by her and published by R. R. Bowker Co., Miss Benjamin makes an encouraging point for the serious collector

"Ninety per cent of autograph letters sell for less than $25 and signatures, documents or letters of such outstanding Americans as Madison, Monroe and Lincoln, or such men of achievements as Darwin, Disraeli, Longfellow and Holmes, or of many of the kings and queens of France, England and other countries may be purchased for equally low figures."

In what Miss Benjamin calls "boom day" hysteria, $51,000 was paid for the signature of Button Gwinnett, one of the Declaration of Independence signers, though she says $5,000 to $10,000 more properly reflects its value today.

Current scientific achievements have increased the value of scientists' autographs. A Louis Pasteur autograph which sold for a few dollars in 1900, now brings $85; one of Edward Jenner, father of inoculation, sells for $190 as against $10 in 1900. A Robert Fulton priced now at $150 brought $15 in 1900.

QUOTING these figures, Miss Benjamin explains why a George Washington letter can be bought for $100 to $150. It's the law of supply and demand. Washington was credited with writing 20,000 letters.

A unique collection of autographed photographs valued at $75,000 fills 42 volumes gathered by Dr. Greenway. It represents the efforts of a quarter of a century and includes pictures of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's return to Corregidor and Leyte signed and dated and Montgomery's signature on a picture of the unconditional surrender signing, dated May 3, 1945.

Greenway has the signature of all the Popes since 1870 and the Presidential cabinets from McKinley to date. He has what he believes to be Ernie Pyle's last signature written an hour before his death on Iwo Jima, April 18, 1945

Ingenuity and a keen knowledge of human nature has gone into his work in soliciting these trophies. Using his data on individuals collected over the years he writes a prospect a convincing letter of congratulations on his climb to fame. Most people succumb to the flattery of having been under scrutiny during their progress to the heights and the autograph arrives without more ado.

THE Duchess of Windsor was a problem until Dr. Greenway sent her a laudatory clipping from an American newspaper for her scrapbook. That did the trick after years of effort.

In answer to a question on Mohandas Gandhi's attitude toward Jesus Christ, Gandhi wrote from prison in 1931: "True, I am a Hindu and not a Christian But there is more love in my heart for your Christ than there is in the hearts of those who call themselves Christians."

Dr. Greenway found difficulty in getting the signatures of Mussolini and Hitler. The former sent the Italian consul to investigate before the photo was signed, the latter ordered the legal adviser to the German Embassy to see whether Dr. Greenway had all the German signatures he had claimed to have.

The emissary [illegible] offer a small signed snapshot of his Fuehrer when he caught sight of a large portrait of Mussolini. He measured this and said he'd write to Germany for an equally impressive one.

"Don't trouble yourself," said the pastor. "Half an egg is better than none." His caller interpreted this to mean Hitler was considered only half as important as his Italian rival, and left in a huff. However, the larger size picture finally arrived.

DR. GREENWAY received his most caustic rebuff from George Bernard Shaw who called him "an impertinent nuisance" when he wrote criticizing one of his plays. But Greenway, with characteristic persistence, kept right after him. The playwright's signed picture eventually arrived with a curt comment, "Is this what you wanted?"

Among other unusual autographed photos in the Greenway collection are those of Kaiser Wilhelm, General Eisenhower, General Patton, Herbert Hoover, Charles Lindbergh, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Russia's General Zhukov.

The whole unique collection probably will be presented some day to Tufts College or to the Congressional Library.

Twenty-Cent Castle

"THE good knights are dust, their swords are rust"—but their 750-year-old hawking tower at Boughton, Northamptonshire, lives on as the oddest solution to the housing problem yet found by an English family.

Three stories high, the old stone tower rises with its castle-like parapets. Once Norman conquerors held wassail on its topmost level and cast loose their hawks, with huge wagers on the winning bird, whenever any suitable winged prey flew past.

The feudal lords and their big castle, which adjoined the tower, long ago vanished with their falcons. But the tower, more staunchly built, survived to become through the centuries a gambling house, cockfighting site, and then a bleak, roofless area of tall, squired stone.

Its final transition into a dwelling came recently when ex-Capt. Geoffrey Rowden, a veteran of the fighting in North Africa, Italy and Germany, moved into the fortress-like relic with his wife, Mary.

There wasn't a real house available anywhere, but the old tower caught Mary's eye. She took Geoffrey there. They studied it, then offered to install a roof and make the place habitable for a reasonable rental.

The owner approved their plans for improvements, including a built-on bathroom and kitchen at the tower's rear, and agreed to give the couple a 10-year lease.

With their remodeling completed, the Rowdens now are looking forward to years of happy occupancy of their three-room flat, one room atop another — and annex.

And their rent? Just 20 cents a year.

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Yes, count on Puritans! They're made with seven vitamins and minerals you need to eat candy . . . and still eat right!

Buy, serve, use Puritans liberally. The children love this "fun candy." The family enjoys Puritans in glorified desserts, salads, hot dishes . . . scores of tempting treats. And everybody benefits from their added nutritional values. Ask your grocer today!

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Packed in sealed 6 oz. Cellophane bags

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Fortified with Vitamins B1 and B2 to help assimilate sugar, Vitamin D calcium and phosphate for needed mineral values plus iron and iron to help [illegible] balance

SHOTWELL'S "EAT RIGHT" BARS

All three bars have chocolate coating, and contain Vitamins B1, B2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin, iron, for nutrition-right eating. "Shur-Mac" and "Hi-Mac" have nougat centers, caramel. Almond Big Yank has marshmallow center, fudge . . . Almonds on "Shur-Mac" and Almond Big Yank.

BAD SKIN?
Try This 10 DAY TEST

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX (mercy-rex) Ointment every day according to directions on package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting tenderness and burns, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At druggists.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT • SOAP • SHAMPOO

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WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES THAT DRAG YOU DOWN. TIRED, BURNING TENDER PERSPIRING ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT E-X-H-A-U-S-T-E-D LOOK

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GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH EFFICIENT SOOTHING JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES
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DESTROYS flies, ants, mosquitoes, roaches, silverfish, bedbugs, fleas, moths, many other pests!

To kill flies, mosquitoes, brush PESTROY DDT Liquid Coating over screens, around doorways, windows, plumbing. For roaches, other crawling pests, use PESTROY DDT Powder along baseboards, under rugs, in closets, upholstery, etc. In Canada, ask for CERTICIDE and PYRALLIL.

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That's the million dollar question, Mrs. Withers, if you like to "feel like a million". An *aperient* is the medical term for a gentle laxative such as **KRUSCHEN.** An unique blend of saline minerals which are also found in the natural waters of many famous medicinal springs, Kruschen is a world famous aperient for four good reasons.

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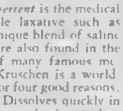

Teen-Age Tempest

More Letters Against Spanking

THE battle over spankings for teen-agers still rages, but the latest batch of mail seems to be overwhelmingly against such punishment. Teeners from all over the country, like **Diane Ornstein**, 15, of Los Angeles, Calif., **Marjorie Ray** of Griffin, Ga., **Rida Marin** of Detroit, Mich., **Sylvia Cannella** of Buffalo, N. Y., and **Ruth Siem** of Stevens Point, Wis., think spanking isn't half so effective as being deprived of a date, allowance, or other privileges.

Spanking, Say Some Teen-Agers, Upsets Family Life—and Even Makes Youngsters So Unhappy and Bewildered That They Run Away From Home.

Furthermore, says **Joanne Williams** of Bakersfield, Calif., "Spanking only breeds resentment," and in some cases, writes **Mrs. M. Perkins** of Barrington, N. J., severe corporal punishment can be blamed when the recipient runs away from home.

"Spanking," writes **Sally McCay** of Inglewood, Calif., "builds up too great a barrier between parents and children, with the result that in later years aging parents are completely ostracized from their children's lives."

Preferable to a spanking, in the opinion of **Sally Treys** of Niagara Falls, N. Y., is punishment that more aptly fits the offense. When Sally was an hour later than usual getting home from school she was required, for a week, to report at home directly after school, with no stopovers with the gang at the neighborhood soda fountain.

Seventeen-year-old **John H. Barron** of Baltimore, Md., says the only thing he ever learned from a spanking was not to get caught the next time.

Betty Bullene of Ogden, Utah, says there was a time when her stepmother would spank her without even telling her what it was for. To Betty this just didn't make sense. And **Eugene Noel** of Patton, Pa., adds, "After enough spankings you become immune to them, anyway."

Roger J. Sullivan, 18, of Fort Lawton, Wash., wrote in to say that while spanking may be excusable for young children, it certainly should not be used on those old enough to reason. "Our prominent educators place the age of reason somewhere between six and 10 years after birth. There should be no spanking after that," he contends. **A. Venclus**, 16, of Jamaica, N. Y., thinks the age limit for spanking should be seven.

A. Denk of Buffalo, N. Y., says spankers are bullies. **Mrs. R. M. Hazen** of Marion, Ohio, adds that heavy handed bullies don't belong in a democracy.

Students in **Miss Ruth E. Wimber's** social behavior class at Cherry Creek, N. Y., high school discussed our spanking articles and wrote in to tell us they were against the practice. Their reasons are (1) it lowers respect for parents, (2) makes unhappy home conditions, (3) doesn't make use of a teen-ager's power to reason, and (4) is an admission by parents that they are failures and should have solved their children's behavior problems before, and not during, adolescence.

Spanking injures health, writes **Alma Andres** of Placerville, Calif. "Fear makes youngsters sickly, nervous and hard to manage, and the blows may even do physical harm in developing adolescents." U. T.

Smart Youngsters

CAROLYN BEACH of Cleveland, Ohio, reports that with the increasing number of canteens in her community, teen-agers are becoming "more civilized."

She says, "They are starting to dress with dignity, they're not hanging around street corners so much and, consequently, don't get into trouble."

But the best part of her letter is this: "The boys and girls at West Technical High are, through their own efforts, raising $4,000 to extend their recreational facilities. Students have been appointed to select five top concerns, or individuals, to sponsor the project. Sponsors will have their names written on a plaque hung in the recreation room."

Are you pitching in, like these Cleveland teen-agers, to help solve your own problems? If so, let us hear about it. Send your letters to the Teen Age Editor, The American Weekly, 67 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

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This means that when your repairman installs these rings, he is backed up by a guarantee of satisfactory piston ring performance for 10,000 miles or one year, whichever shall occur first, under the terms and conditions of the McQuay-Norris Leak Proof Piston Ring Replacement and Labor Guarantee available upon request.

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REMOVES HAIR BY THE ROOTS. NO HEATING—NO WASHING OFF!

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Send "Miss Ruth's" Instant Hair Remover. [illegible]
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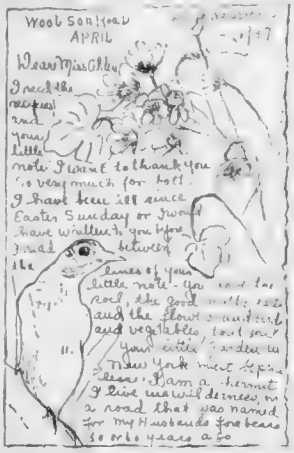
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Hot Weather Meal Getting Can Be a [illegible] If You Follow the Recipes [illegible] Dishes Which Appear on the Household Almanac Page in This Issue.

Letters to the Editor

Completely Contented

THE illustration below is a reproduction of the first page of an unusual letter to Amy Alden, our food editor, from a remarkable woman who has found peace in this troubled world. The rest of her letter is printed below—Ed



A half-mile north and a half mile south run two state highways, with cars roaring in both directions. They do not know we live here.

I am the old woman who lived in her shoe. A long time ago there were six little girls who lived here and two sons, and there are perhaps 50 more who call us Pop and Mom in the outside world. They are children whom we were privileged to help. Now there is only one little boy of 11, and my husband and I.

For the boy's sake, we live in a fairy tale world. We are the Three Bears, and we live on the edge of the Great Forest, and every day when I am well, I have a party at dinner time for my men. We have most every kind of food here—eggs, all kinds of meat, Jersey milk and cream. I love the new recipes.

I have many friends down there in New York, and I know your side of life, too, although it's different from mine. One of my daughters is the manager of the Chamber of Commerce for the city of Oswego. She has a suite of offices and is a career girl. Many of your young women fly up here when they get tired out. They are all friends with me. I have no enemies.

How I ramble on! Here I sit, scrunched on a rock, in the middle of my posies. Around me are every kind, I guess, that comes from a bulb. The flowers are out on the edge of the woods. I drew you some so you would know what they are like. The bird he'll have to pass for a robin, who is in the snowball bush, wanting me to go away so he (or she) can start a nest.

I sit here sunning—with a blood pressure of 184 or so—because I want so much to live. Life is very beautiful to me.

You asked me if I had a nice Easter. Oh yes! Twenty-three came to dinner. And one of your great doctors drove here to stay a little while with us. We helped him once, when he first came to America and had to start from the bottom up.

I have never known anyone in a news room. It must be very noisy. When you are very tired, take your shoes off and bury your feet beneath your flowers. That's what my little girls do. They have a lovely garden in the city, too. My little son brings me the first flowers, so I'll mention them, too. I hope that you can smell them.

Once more, thank you for everything.

Georgia Woolson
Woolson Hill, N. Y.

Better Than Others
Ft. Worth, Texas

I have been reading The American Weekly with much interest for a number of years. I especially enjoy your scientific and historical articles, which are handled better than those I've seen in any other magazine.

S. W. Mancill

Faith vs. Asthma
Chester, Pa.

Thanks for your recent article, "Help for Asthma Sufferers." I, too, have asthma, and I know our scientists will never let up until they have discovered a more nearly complete relief than is now available.

Six months ago, I was given up by my doctor, but through constant faith I've survived this ordeal. Maybe, some day in the near future, there will be a complete cure.

Mrs. W. S. Taylor

Memory Book
Boston, Mass.

Is your series, "The Harry K. Thaw Story," available in book form? I'm interested because my father once met Stanford White at Mt. Washington Hotel in New Hampshire and a friend of mine was Harry K. Thaw's chauffeur when he visited Portland, New Hampshire.

M. Padfield

(The American Weekly's exclusive story of the Harry K. Thaw-Evelyn Nesbit-Stanford White triangle is not available in book form.—Ed.)

Private Copy
Los Angeles, Calif.

I do indeed thank you for the copy of your article "Sacro-Iliac Is a Lowdown Joint," which you were kind enough to send to me.

Several weeks ago, a neighbor brought over her copy of The American Weekly and, knowing about my own severe back pains, thought I would be interested in reading that article. Not only was I interested, but I just had to have a copy for myself, to which I could always refer.

Bertha H. Breckenfeld

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HERE'S WHY SKIN TROUBLES DON'T HEAL!

PIMPLES, ITCHY TORMENT SCABIES, RING WORM, ETC.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

are so often externally caused by germs deeply imbedded in the skin. (Stubbornness simple festerings, tinea, fungi, etc.) You can try everything under the sun that acts on the surface only, and still have [illegible]—until you try Clinically Proven RIDD, the flesh tinted powder that penetrates to kill these germs deep under the skin. Then normal healing can quickly result at last. For instance ATHLETE'S FOOT usually starts in 5 to 20 minutes with RIDD. So if you still have these [illegible] externally germ caused skin troubles YOU HAVEN'T TRIED RIDD!

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Ridd Laboratories, Inc., Box 266, Dept. 27 Edmonds, Wash. (Suburban Seattle)

Rags to Riches to Rags

IT will be many a day before Chicago forgets the stranger-than fiction career of Tom Grady. He demonstrated, as few men have, the truth of two familiar and opposite adages—that "you can't keep a good man down" and "the bigger they are the harder they fall."

The story began on a scraggly little farm in County Galway, Ireland, and ended in a snowbound garage on Chicago's South Side. The chapters between trace the spectacular rise and fall of an obscure immigrant with the will to do things and go places.

Tom Grady landed in this country in 1911. He was as green as the shamrock of his native heath, but full of Gaelic tenacity. The few dollars he brought with him were about gone when he landed a job in Chicago as a factory hand.

His thrift built up a modest savings account and his quick Irish mind told him to put this hard-earned money into a piece of North-side real estate. One deal led to another until Grady owned or controlled several lots that were skyrocketing in value.

The promise of prosperity moved him to fill two great lacks in his life—education and romance. He went to Northwestern University at night to study law. He was graduated, in 1921, with honor. In 1923 he married an Irish girl named Eileen. Tom Grady was going places.

During the Chicago real estate boom of the '20s, the city's biggest bankers and businessmen suddenly discovered that Tom Grady was a man who had to be reckoned with. His real estate holdings had blossomed into an "empire" worth, by conservative estimate, about $3,000,000. It was said, sometimes with admiration and often with envy, that he had pyramided an initial investment of $2,500 into this towering total.

One short year after his marriage, his romance with Eileen went on the rocks and they separated. But his business ventures continued to prosper. He was the living counterpart of an Horatio Alger hero of the "rags to riches" school of literature.

Tom Grady began to live in the grand manner. He had suites in the best hotels. He hobnobbed with the city's most prosperous and influential people. He wintered at Hot Springs and acquired the pleasant and expensive habit of going on world cruises.

It was from such a junket in 1929 that he hurried back to Chicago to find out what the stock market crash had done to his affluent, but somewhat over-expanded, empire. It had done plenty. He was caught short. He was squeezed. He wound up with little money and a lot of lawsuits.

The bitterest of these was a suit for divorce by his estranged wife. She charged the ex-millionaire with cruelty and niggardliness. And her lawyers went in to embarrassing detail. He countered with some sordid and shocking accusations—of Eileen's goings-on with a married man.

This sensational legal brawl made the front pages of the country's newspapers as "The False Whiskers Divorce Case." Because Grady and a friend of his had once disguised themselves with phony face trimmings to spy on Mrs. Grady.

The presiding judge finally tossed both suits out of court and left Tom Grady a little less than one of Chicago's leading lights when he said he had "less manhood than any witness I have ever seen in my experience on this bench."

The One-Time Millionaire Couldn't Get Away From the Smoke and Flames Because the Garage Doors Were Frozen Shut.

The rags-to-riches boy was back to rags—and for 17 tough and lonely years he tried to make a comeback. He couldn't. Some said his spirit was broken. Others thought he might have climbed back to position and power if most of the cronies of his prosperous days hadn't turned out to be of the fair-weather variety.

Early this year the man who had lived lavishly in the world's most exclusive and expensive playgrounds hit the bottom. He moved into a two-car garage with his few belongings and a bale or two of his business records. His furniture was a small coal stove and a narrow cot.

One cold and snowy morning a coal fell from the stove and set fire to a pile of rubbish. The flames spread rapidly and the place filled with smoke. Grady wrestled with the garage doors, but they were frozen tight. Firemen found his body huddled against the doors. The last chapter of the rags-to-riches-to-rags story was closed.

Among Tom Brady's baled-up papers were a few scrawled personal comments on the crackup of his dramatic career. One read: "...from the great hotels of the world to a cement-floor garage shared with a car and the howling winds through the cracks. What is the fate of idealism and of man?"

Less pessimistic and philosophic was this nostalgic note: "I'm sure I could be rich again—if I could only get a start."

The Devil's Capsules

EACH year, this country turns out over half a million pounds of barbituric acid derivatives, commonly found in sleeping pills and other sedatives. But only a fraction of this is distributed by way of doctors' prescriptions. The rest is sold, unsupervised, direct to the public. As a result, the 1945 death toll from these "devil's capsules" skyrocketed to nearly 800.

The situation is jam-packed with danger, says Rep. Edith Nourse Rogers, Congresswoman from Massachusetts, in an eye-opening article written especially for next week's magazine. She outlines a plan for Federal regulation of barbiturates, modeled after laws already controlling other dangerous drugs.

THE Marx Brothers, those zanies who rocked America with some of the loudest laughter in history, have announced they're breaking up. But an invisible thread, reaching out from the grave of Mother Minnie Marx, may yet prove strong enough to change their minds.

Minnie Marx was the first to sense fame in her sons. How she prodded them to stardom, and how her memory may yet forestall the break-up of one of America's most famous comedy teams, makes absorbing reading in next week's American Weekly.

BACK in the Gay '90s, Miss Frances Donnell Furman was known as one of the "ten loveliest women in Baltimore." One of her most ardent admirers was a young fellow named Dorsey Williams. Many times he proposed to the charming, vivacious belle. Just as many times, she refused.

But recently, following a 50-year courtship which would have discouraged any but the most ardent swain, Williams was rewarded by a belated, but welcome, "yes," and they were married. It's a heart-warming, true-life romance in next week's issue.

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Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Yes...he's used to the best!

He pays $600 for his Bolex camera...
...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!
Makes drinks taste better costs less!

YES ... It's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES ...it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

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...and wash day, too...

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MY GOODNESS... SUCH GOODNESS

Welch's Grape Juice

Welch QUALITY CANDIES

The Family Will Hasten to Supper When They See the Colorful Table With Its Bright Salad.

Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

Supper Dishes For Hot Days

TAKE time in the cool of the morning to plan and prepare your supper. Hot weather meal getting can be easy if the makings of a salad are ready and waiting in the icebox to be tossed together at the last minute.

You will find a filling for the salad in left-over chicken or lobster, veal and the chef's salad that is such a specialty with the men folks.

While you are planning supper do not overlook the family's favorite ice cream. It is easy to put together and tastes so good to small brother or sister. In fact the whole family is apt to demand another helping if you serve a big scoop of ice cream on a delectable berry cobbler.

Chicken Salad

2 cups cooked chicken
In 1-inch cubes
1 to 2 cups diced celery
French dressing
Lettuce
Mayonnaise

Use all the white chicken meat or part dark and part white chicken. Combine chicken, celery and French dressing to moisten, and chill ½ hr. Arrange in lettuce cups and top with mayonnaise. Garnish with stuffed or ripe olives or radishes. Serves 4 to 6

Lobster Salad

1 2-lb lobster or 1½ cups canned lobster meat
3 tbsps French dressing
1 cup finely-diced celery
Mayonnaise
Lettuce
Stuffed olives
Cucumber

Cook the lobster, then remove meat. Reserving the lobster meat, marinate it in French dressing for ½ hr. Drain off dressing and celery and mayonnaise to taste. Place salad back in lobster shell and serve on bed of lettuce garnished with olives and cucumber slices. Or, if canned lobster meat is used serve salad on a bed of lettuce with same garnish. Serves 4

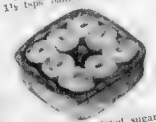
Macaroni-Peanut Salad

1 cup macaroni 1 inch pieces
1 tsp salt
1 pt. boiling water
½ cup French dressing
3 cups thinly shredded raw green cabbage
½ cup chopped salted peanuts
¼ cup mayonnaise

Cook macaroni with ½ tsp. salt in the boiling water until tender. Drain, add French dressing. Cool, then drain off dressing which can be saved for later use. Add cabbage, peanuts, salt and mayonnaise. Toss. Serves 4

Berry Cobbler

4 cups blackberries, raspberries or huckleberries
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ cup plus 1 cup sugar
½ tsp nutmeg
2 tbsps melted butter or margarine
1 cup sifted cake flour
1½ tsps baking powder



1 tbsp granulated sugar
½ tsp salt
¼ cup shortening
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup milk

Combine berries, lemon juice and 1 cup sugar; put in greased and floured 10-in pie pan. Sprinkle the bottom of a shallow baking pan with about 1/2 cup flour, baking powder, salt, sugar, and salt together. Work in shortening until of the consistency of cornmeal. Stir in combined egg and milk with a fork. Roll out dough and place over top of berry mixture. Sprinkle sugar over top of dough before placing in oven. Bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 40 min or until berries are tender. Serve warm with cream or ice cream. Serves 6

All-in-One Salad

1 head lettuce
1 No. 2 can string beans, drained
3 skinned tomatoes
2 cups diced cooked potatoes
1 7-oz can tuna fish or salmon
1 purple onion, diced
3 shelled hard-cooked eggs, sliced
½ cup mustard pickle
1 clove garlic, minced
¼ cup salad oil
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ tsp salt
¼ cup vinegar
½ tsp salt
Speck pepper

Break up lettuce and arrange in large bowl. Place on lettuce a layer of string beans, then a layer of potatoes, then a layer of tomatoes, then a layer of onion, then a layer of fish, then a layer of pickles. Sprinkle with garlic. Add salt and pepper to oil and vinegar, mix well and pour over salad. Toss. Serves 4 to 6

Chef Salad

1 cup cooked
1 head lettuce
1 bunch watercress
1 cup cooked
1 cup cooked
1 cup cooked

STEAK with MUSHROOMS
the irresistible combination!

★ RECIPE ★

1 round steak
2 tbsps. butter
1 4-oz. can button mushrooms
Broil steak to taste. Melt butter in frying pan. Drain mushrooms. Sauté in butter until browned. Pour mushrooms over steak. Suggestions: Canned mushrooms, rich in flavor and high in nutrition, are wonderful on chops, chicken, and hamburgers, too!

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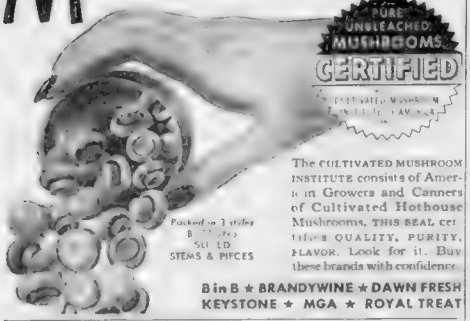

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KEYSTONE ★ MGA ★ ROYAL TREAT

The Epicure

SPANISH LIVER

By FRANCES MAGNES

YOU can find the best food in the most unexpected places. You may find an unusual and tasty dish in a small, unknown restaurant in a metropolitan city, but more often you will discover such a dish in a little country town or village. That is where I found the recipe which has become my favorite. I was on a trip through Spain several years ago and stopped for dinner in a little village restaurant.

The chef cooked his "specialty" for our party and later was talked into parting with the recipe for "Spanish Liver." It is a concoction he made up himself and though I have traveled a great deal since I have never found another restaurant that knows of it.

Frances Magnes, Celebrated Concert Violinist, Was Winner of the 1946 American Artists Award. Her Hobby Is the Collection of Early American Antiques.

The ingredients needed for "Spanish Liver" are:

1 lb. beef liver
½ lb. mushrooms
1 green pepper
3 medium-sized onions
1 clove of garlic
1 can tomatoes
1 can tomato paste
1 box elbow macaroni
3 tbsps. lard
¾ cup water
Flour
Salt and pepper

Wash and cut up the mushrooms, dice the onions and cut the green pepper into small pieces. Scald the liver in boiling water for a few seconds. Remove muscles and tough parts of liver, then cut into cubes and roll in flour. Melt the lard in a large pot. Add the mushrooms, onions and green pepper and mix well. Add the liver; mix and allow to cook for five minutes. Then add the can of tomatoes. Now cut the clove of garlic very fine and add to the mixture. Salt and pepper to taste. Mix two tablespoons of tomato paste with ¾ cup of water and pour into the pot. Simmer over medium flame. Empty the box of macaroni into another pot of salted water and let boil until it is soft—7 to 10 minutes. Pour boiling water over macaroni and drain well.

Now arrange a ring of the macaroni on a platter, pour the mixture over it and serve.

This will be enough for four large helpings.

Virginia Mayo discovers New Improved DRENE!

Virginia Mayo, co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"

At last! The Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair *Shine like the Stars!*

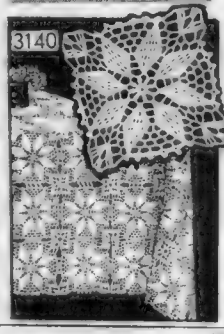
VIRGINIA MAYO, dazzling Hollywood star, says: "Thanks to new Drene, my hair is now so full of highlights it actually shines!"

See for yourself how this new, different Drene now lets *your* hair shine like the stars. For it now makes *quicker, richer, more active* lather. Brings out *all* the sheen in your hair. Far more sheen—by actual test—than *any* soap shampoo.

And new improved Drene never dries out your hair. Instead, it actually helps guard against "fly-away dryness." Yes, leaves your hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl, and arrange. Try new Drene! *At your dealer's now in the same blue-and-yellow package.*

Now! Better for *all* types of hair→

Patterns of the Week



3881—A smart dress, new collar, shoulder darts. Easy to sew, no sleeves to set in. Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16, 3¾ yards 35-inch material.

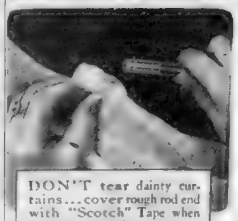
3882—Only two pieces to this little drawstring dirndl—simple to make. Embroider the posies in gay colors. Sizes 2-6. Size 6 requires 2¼ yds. 35-in.

3140—Lovely crocheted star medallions, memorized in a jiffy...quick to do. Perfect for large and small pieces. Directions for medallion.

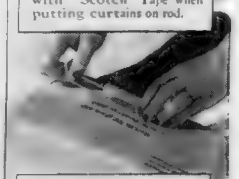
Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, 635 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

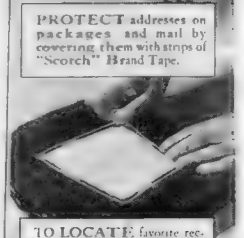
SLICK TRICKS with SCOTCH TAPE



DON'T tear dainty curtains...cover rough rod end with "Scotch" Tape when putting curtains on rod.



PROTECT addresses on packages and mail by covering them with strips of "Scotch" Brand Tape.



TO LOCATE favorite records quickly, stick list of contents on album cover with "Scotch" Tape.

BUY this gay plaid dispenser at all drug, department, variety, stationery, and hardware stores for 25¢.

SCOTCH BRAND Cellulose TAPE
SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING
TRANSPARENT AS GLASS

IMPORTANT: For your protection, insist on "Scotch" Brand Tape. Always look for the name "Scotch" and the Scotch plaid design. © 1947 3M CO.

MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO.
THE 3M COMPANY
Saint Paul 6, Minn.

FEET Hurting You?

TORTURED by burning, itching dryness, or by blistered, cracked skin? Enjoy a hot Resinol Soap foot bath. Then smooth on soothing, specially medicated Resinol. Feel like new, as you relax in quick, lingering comfort.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Mother, may I go out to swim?

Today's "darling daughter" can certainly go swimming any time of month—for 2 good reasons

At the seashore or around the pool you are not likely these days to hear the old fiction "I don't feel like swimming today."... One reason is the invention of the Tampax *internal* method of monthly sanitary protection which *simply cannot* show through a bathing suit because it requires no belts, pins or external pads whatever! Then, too, hygiene authorities now approve bathing on "those days" under normal conditions.... The principle of "internal absorption" has been long known to doctors—and now Tampax makes it available for women generally. Highly absorbent cotton is compressed in dainty applicators. Your hands need never touch the Tampax and you cannot feel it when in place. No bulk, no odor, no chafing. Changing quick. Disposal easy. . . . At drug, notion counters in 3 absorbency sizes. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

STOP CORNS

INSTANT RELIEF

Promptly protect sore toes from shoe pressure with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll stop corns *before* they can develop! But—if you have corns—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure, quickly remove corns. Try them!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Sell Christmas Cards

For Those **EXTRA DOLLARS** You Want

Show 5 New Series of Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, low as 50 for $1.00. Exclusive Designs. Big Values! Your friends, and neighbors order quickly from FREE samples we send you. BIG CASH PROFITS EASY.

50 for $1 WITH NAME

17 SMART ASSORTMENTS

Add to earnings with beautiful, "Artists' Award" Christmas and Everyday Assortments. Pay you fine profits. Exclusive variety offers "21 Feature" Christmas Assortment, famous Matched Christmas and Everyday Gift Wrapping Ensembles, Holiday Notes, Religious, Everyday, Humorous. Also 10 other money-makers. **Write today for samples to DEPT. L-62**

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SOFTER SMOOTHER LOVELIER SKIN

Even if you do not have externally caused pimples or blackheads, Cuticura Soap and Ointment promptly bring radiant new tone and freshness. For FREE Ointment sample and directions, write Cuticura, Dept. A-178, Malden 48, Mass.

To Learn More About Window Shades See Doris Denison's Column in This Issue.

Summer Foot Comfort

By Sally Young

ALACK and alas, these are the foot-discomfort months. Feet tend to swell, perspire, ache and burn. What can be done to make them comfortable at this time of year?

A noted New York footleg authority, Marguerite Benson, has designed a versatile and most successful program to improve our foot health and beauty and help prevent and relieve foot disorders. Here 'tis:

First of all wear shoes and stockings which fit your feet. Shoes should allow for foot expansion. Shoes which create pressure points and cause corns and bunions are too short, too narrow or otherwise ill fitted. Remember, a shoe has to carry you!

Wear oxfords, high cut pumps or closed back sandals with cuban heels most of the time. The heel counter of the shoe should enclose the heel snugly and comfortably. Half the hot pavement battle is won when you wear the proper shoes. Check your stockings, too. Toes must have sufficient wiggle room at all times.

Massage

OIL, bathe, brush and massage the feet daily. First soak them in an antiseptic foot bath. Using a stiff-bristled brush, scrub thoroughly, especially hard-skinned areas. Dry feet briskly and thoroughly.

Apply a foot massage cream between the toes, along the foot and sole, and around the ankle with firm strokes. And these are Miss Benson's directions for foot massage.

(1) Bend one knee and grasp each toe between thumb and forefinger, rotate to right and then to left.

(2) Curl the toes down with one hand, and massage deeply with the thumb of the other hand in continuous circular motion along the base of toes.

(3) Place thumb and forefinger at top of toenail and massage between the toes, toward the base.

(4) Place the fingers on the ankle bone and massage around your ankle joint.

On the Beach

WHEN you are on the beach give your feet freedom and sunshine. Take off your shoes, walk on the sand barefooted.

Correct walking on the sand exercises and massages the muscles of feet and legs.

Here's the Marguerite Benson beach tip: Walk erect with your feet parallel, shoulders well back, chin up and abdomen in; first step on your heel, roll to the outer side of your foot and thence across the ball of your big toe and roll back to your heel.

Nastics

THEN try the following Nastics—Miss Benson's exercise method: (1) Sit erect on floor with legs together, feet flexed up, knees straight. Place right hand on hip, bend left knee and grasp inner arch with left hand. Holding the arch, lift the left leg, keeping knee straight. In this position flex the foot from the ankle joint forward and back. Repeat and alternate.

(2) Lie on your back with legs together, knees straight, feet flexed up. Clasp hands together behind the neck. Lift the legs vertically and bring them down, in an arc, first to one side, then to the other, keeping your knees straight, heels on floor. Repeat.

(3) Lie on your stomach, clasp hands behind your neck and raise the upper trunk off the ground as far as possible. Repeat.

Further Nastics exercises are described in our Shapely Legs chart, No. 5, below.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

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BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair

Rhumba Rhythm

Ready to dance you through your happiest days—your most romantic evenings. Rows of rhumba ruffles in snowy white eyelet at your shoulders and 'round the super-full skirt. Engearing keyhole neckline. Wide, waist-minimizing belt. Silken-smooth rayon in black, walnut brown, leaf green. Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17. Rush coupon. We mail immediately.

ONLY **6.98**

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Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice	R R

Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postmen $6.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage.

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The Most Amazing Invention of the Age!

Revell's Sensational New 1947 Model PORTABLE **RADARadio**

NO ELECTRICITY
NO BATTERIES
NO TUBES

YOURS FOR ONLY $7.98 postpaid

COSTS NOTHING TO OPERATE
Nothing to adjust Nothing to wear out!

Included AT NO EXTRA COST COMPLETE AERIAL and GROUND KIT

The Magic of Radio in the Palm of your hand

Yes, it's here at last. Radio's mighty postwar midget! Look at its streamlined cabinet of lovely, lustrous plastic material you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich fidelity . . . so powerful you can tune in stations 50 miles away. You'll agree that RADARADIO at only $7.98 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, unbelievable as it may sound, we will send your RADARADIO complete with a personal earphone and headpiece for only $7.98. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee IMMEDIATE DELIVERY only if you ACT NOW!

USE IT ANYWHERE . . .

★ On camping trips ★ In the kitchen ★ In bed
★ At the beach ★ At takeoff ★ On a boat ★ In the car

CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES

★ COMPLETE AERIAL and GROUND KIT
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You Risk Nothing! Merely clip this ad and mail it today. Then pay postman only $7.98 plus postage on delivery. Or if you prefer, send cash and we'll pay postage. We guarantee perfect reception if used as directed. Since you've nothing to lose why hesitate. ORDER TODAY! Remember, you can order with confidence from

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO., INC., 12 Adams Ave., Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. RR-13

Imagine! HOT WATER FROM YOUR COLD WATER FAUCET *Now* WITH THIS NEW, REVOLUTIONARY

MIRACLE Electric WATER HEATER

for only $7.98 POSTPAID TAX PAID EACH

Why endure the hardship of inconvenient cold water when it's so easy to have hot water . . . all you want, INSTANTLY! And it's so inexpensive, too. A hot bath costs less than a penny. And best of all, there's no waste when you use this wonderful attachment . . . because it heats only the water you use! Simply slip this miraculous attachment over your cold water faucet and plug its cord into a wall outlet. Then turn on the faucet and . . . oh, boy . . . there's wonderful hot water, *and how good it feels!* Why delay giving yourself this low-cost luxury? ACT TODAY! Check These Features

- ★ Attaches to a Sink
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Clip this ad and mail today. Pay postman only $7.98 plus postage or send cash and we'll pay postage. If not delighted return within 10 days for complete refund. Since you take no risk, why hesitate. ORDER TODAY! Remember, you can order with confidence from

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MADE BY A SECRET RECIPE, MIXED IN A PATENTED BEATER . . . MILLIONS PREFER

THE ONE AND ONLY

Miracle Whip

SUCH LIVELY, "DIFFERENT" FLAVOR! TEXTURE SO CREAMY SMOOTH! MIRACLE WHIP IS A UNIQUE *KIND* OF SALAD DRESSING, FAR AND AWAY AMERICA'S FAVORITE.

"Sa-a-y! This is a *wonderful* salad . . . best I ever ate!" That's the kind of thing you hear when you serve salads with Miracle Whip. For Miracle Whip has a special teasing flavor you get in no other dressing . . . a flavor families really *go* for.

Miracle Whip, you see, is a unique *type* of salad dressing, combining the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise. Lively but not sharp, delicate not bland—millions agree: Miracle Whip is the *one and only.*

Frequent shipments of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing are going out to dealers. But naturally, since so many people want it, it sells out *fast.*

MACEDOINE SALAD BOWL. *Place a small bowl of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing in center of a round chop plate. Surround it with 5 lettuce cups, each filled separately with tomatoes, carrot sticks, cooked peas, sliced radishes, and slices of unpeeled scored cucumbers. Divide these sections with crisp green onions on lettuce leaves.*

Have you tasted Miracle Whip? **IT'S THE MOST POPULAR SALAD DRESSING EVER CREATED!**

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PROBLEM COMPLEXIONS
Kremolaa Medicated Cream hasa been successful for 40 ? years in lightening, brighitening dark skin, revreasaling its masked beauty.-y. As excellent mild antisseaptic dressing for acne pipimples, loosens blackheaddds for removal.
Kremola FOR PROBLEM COMPLEXIONS

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LIQUUIDIS FASTER
-than slow-melting medications. One cooling drop of "Gets-It" starts pain relief quick. So easy to apply! Carry in purse or pocket for emergency corn pain. Further applications prepare corn for removal.
GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

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To keep up dohes spotless, keep Mufti/id bottle handy! Mufti giveerins you not 1, but 4 tested cbl cleaning ingredients, cleanmes so many spots from so is many fabrics—and cleans an them in a jiffy!
NOT 1 BUT 4
MUFTI
MUUFTI
• SPOTJUT REMOVER

They're putting the bite on me!

• Fleas are like poor relatives after a rich uncle—they're out for all they can get.

Mother told me there'd be days like this—times when the best thing to do is bathe me with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap, followed by regular dustings with SKIP-FLEA Powder. The powder contains proved anti-flea ingredients, and it brings fast relief. For economy, try the new 50c size.

Sergeant's 73 years of research and kennel testing have developed 19 dog care products. Each one helps you to give your dog the care he deserves.

• You can pick up a number of valuable hints on dog training and dog health in Sergeant's new Dog Book. It's FREE for the asking at drug and pet stores, or by writing to Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

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REPAIR SUMMER FURNITURE
with Plastic Wood
EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty . . . and hardens into wood.
IN CANS OR TUBES
WEATHER RESISTANT
PLASTIC WOOD

About WINDOW SHADES

By Doris Denison

AMONG the items that are taken pretty much for granted around the house are window shades, but once in a while they are called to our attention when one of them flies furiously to the top of the window.

Adjusting Tension

WHEN a shade flies up at the least provocation, it means that the tension of the spring in the roller is too strong. To remedy the situation, roll the shade to the top of the window and remove it from brackets. Then unroll it part way by hand and rehang. This will reduce the roller's spring power.

If the spring action of the roller is too weak, lower the shade approximately two feet and take it out of the bracket. Re-roll by hand and rehang. This will tighten the spring.

Selection

CLOTH window shades are available in several qualities:

1. The best have a cotton cambric base, so closely woven that no filling is required to give a smooth even surface. They have a finish of pyroxylin or oil paint and can be washed with soap and water without injury to the fabric.

2. Better quality shades are made on an unfilled muslin base with a linseed oil finish.

3. Medium quality are made of muslin and have some filling to provide proper surface for the linseed oil finish. They can be cleaned with a damp cloth or prepared cleaners.

4. The least expensive have a muslin base which requires more filling. The color is also provided by the filling. They can be cleaned with wallpaper cleaner or art gum.

Quality of shades is also determined by the shade rollers. For most satisfactory results, manufacturers advise using a roller that is at least one inch in diameter.

Measuring

IT is easy to measure accurately for window shades. Use a yardstick or metal tape measure—not a cloth tape measure.

If you are replacing an old shade, remove it from the window and measure the roller from tip to tip.

Measure the window, adding at least ten inches more to the height of the window opening so that the shade will not be torn from the roller when pulled all the way down. This will also insure smooth starting when the shade is drawn to the sill.

For new installations, measure length as already indicated—height of window opening plus 10 inches.

When shades are to hang inside the casement, measure distance between points on casement where brackets are to be installed.

Shades which hang outside the casement should overlay window opening 1½" on each side.

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HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
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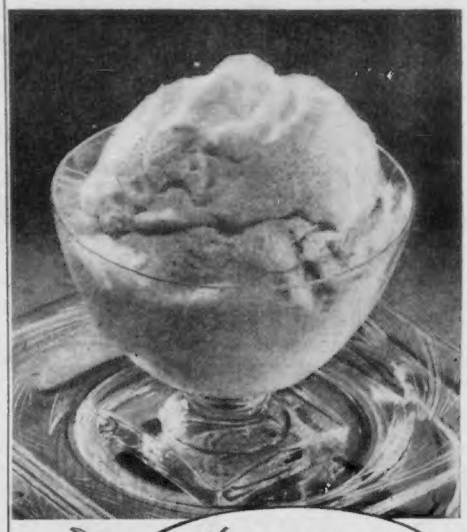
VELVETY ICE CREAM
Made with no extra sugar!



IT'S MADE WITH EAGLE BRAND

QUICK! EASY! EXTRA CREAMY! FOOLPROOF RECIPE!

VANILLA ICE CREAM
(Automatic Refrigerator Method)
⅔ cup Eagle Brand
½ cup water
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup chilled cream or evaporated milk

Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, water, and vanilla. Chill. Add cream or evaporated milk. Mix well. Freeze rapidly in freezing unit of refrigerator until half frozen. Scrape from freezing tray into chilled bowl. Beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit. Before mixture is completely frozen, beat again until smooth. Finish freezing. Serves 5.

GET THE ORIGINAL Sweetened Condensed Milk, Borden's EAGLE BRAND. Then you're sure of *Borden's* high quality! EAGLE BRAND is a big time-saver; the blending of fresh, whole milk and sugar is done for you! *Foolproof* recipes for wonderful ice creams, candies, cookies, in the Book of Magic Recipes. FREE! Send post card to The Borden Co., Dept. AW-77, P. O. Box 175, New York 8, N. Y.
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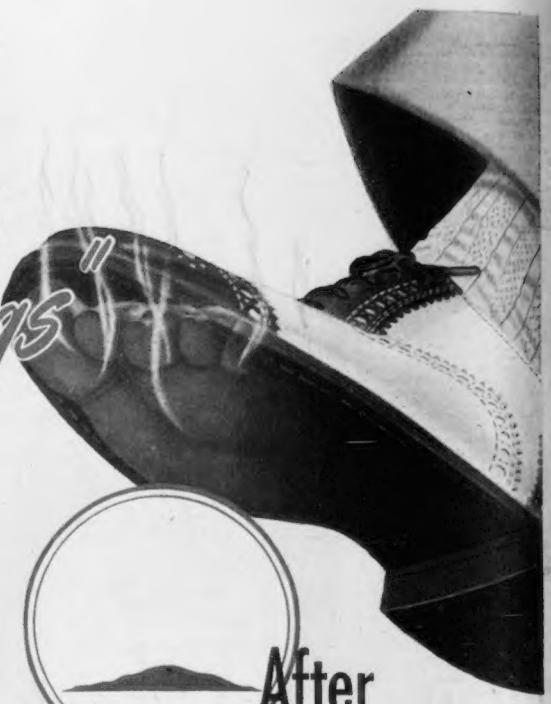
"But they weren't thinking of marriage when I took this picture. Thanks to NuAce Snapshot Mounting Corners, I have kept this snapshot safe all these years."

NUACE Corners are quick, easy to use, and attractively embossed. They stay glued, but permit instant removal of the snapshot. Ask for NuAce, the better Mounting Corners, at 5¢ and 10¢ stores or at your favorite film counter. Available in 12 colors for only 10¢ per package of 100. 65 for 10¢ in gold or silver. ACE ART CO., READING, MASS.

BEFORE IT'S LOST OR DAMAGED MOUNT IT WITH NUACE SNAPSHOT MOUNTING CORNERS

Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot "Bugs" on contact!



Before

After

This picture, taken from life, and enlarged hundreds of times, of the parasitic growth which causes Athlete's Foot, was made before contact with Absorbine Jr. This is the growth that lives on stale perspiration, dead skin, the real cause of the pain and misery of Athlete's Foot.

This is a picture, same magnification, of the Athlete's Foot organisms, taken after contact with Absorbine Jr. You can see how this parasitic growth has wilted and died. No longer can it irritate delicate nerve endings and cause you pain with every step.

Look for **Cracks between your toes**

It's the excessive perspiration between your toes that invites an attack of Athlete's Foot. This common summer condition irritates tender skin often to the point where it cracks and flakes away in moist shreds. The ever-present organisms which cause Athlete's Foot multiply and attack raw flesh through the open cracks. Every step is agony!

Apply **Absorbine Jr. full strength**

Apply Absorbine Jr., night and morning, at the first sign of cracks between toes. It kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact. Guard against reinfection: Don't share towels or bath mats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases consult a physician.

Absorbine Jr. also benefits you four other important ways:

1. **It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging future attacks of Athlete's Foot.**
2. **It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**
3. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.**
4. **It cleanses and helps heal broken tissue.**

Play Safe!

Daily Hygiene! Help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet *every day!* Cooling and refreshing after bathing. At all drugstores. $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

For the relief of muscular aches and pains Absorbine Jr. has been famous for over 50 years!